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MARCH 15, 1967

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OUR COVER

● Hatless Princess Alexandra, after she had planted a lemon verbena tree in the grounds of Canberra House, home of the British High Commissioner, Sir Charles Johnston, and Lady Johnston in Canberra. Cover picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

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All with heart and mind on something new

THE 400 INVENTORS



● Mr. Stan Shrivell

The five inventors were gathered in the home of fitter and turner Stan Shrivell.

A slight, quietly spoken man, with intelligent blue eyes looking shyly through horn-rimmed glasses, Stan Shrivell has dreamed the dreams of an inventor since boyhood.

His efforts have not yet brought success, but through the years of continual struggle he came to recognise the overwhelming difficulties a lone inventor faced.

Financial difficulties; lack of equipment, technical know-how, or the opportunity to seek expert advice; non-recognition by the public; inability of people to grasp the meaning or potential of his ideas, or even a refusal to accept something new and revolutionary.

Finally, the labelling of "a crank," "mad," "a complete nut."

By one man

Yet it is the creative genius of the inventor that has progressed the lot of the human race, from the idea of the wheel formed by some unknown in 3000 B.C. to the modern-day inventions that have brought space exploration, global communication, automation, almost miraculous medical skills, and aids to easy living.

Many of these inventions have been produced by one man—alone, unaided, the butt of jokes for his dedication to "a crazy idea."

But if these men join together to give mutual assistance and encouragement and fight for recognition of their efforts and production and protection for their ideas?

This was the plan Stan Shrivell unfolded to the other four men in his living-room. (Stan had found his fellow inventors by persuading the Sydney Engineering Exhibition of 1958 to provide

space for an "Inventors' Section." He subsequently approached exhibitors in this section about his plan.)

From this small beginning, the Inventors' Association of Australia has grown into a body of 400.

What sort of people are they, these people with the determination to create something that did not before exist?

They are from many professions and walks of life—engineers, builders, laborers, public servants, salesmen, politicians, housewives.

Their inventions range from those under secret testing by the Defence Department to new farming tools, building equipment, household gadgets, car accessories.

A woman member of the

association is Mrs. Margaret Potts, of Ashfield, N.S.W.

A former clerk, now married with two young children, Mrs. Potts is bubbling over with ideas, usually centring on home gadgets, and has found a metal-moulder manufacturer who has undertaken to produce several.

They include an automatic stirrer which can be fastened to the top of any saucepan to slowly stir its contents while the housewife attends to something else; an expanding trellis which can grow with the plant without disturbing roots; a simple "tea tidy" to collect tealeaves for later use on the garden. (These have not yet been marketed.)

Mrs. Potts said you don't



● Mrs. Margaret Potts with some of her inventions, including a "tea tidy," expanding plant trellis, and can of chemical mixture to spray on irons to make them "glide" more easily over cloth.

● On a cold winter's evening in July, nine years ago, five men gathered quietly in a home in the Sydney suburb of Sans Souci. By long-ingrained habit reserved, secretive, mistrustful of conversation, they began their discussion with unaccustomed enthusiasm, each knowing that his private struggles, hopes, and visions were understood and also experienced by the others. The five men were inventors.



● Mr. Charles J. P. Smith

have to be a genius to be an inventor. "The average person is capable of an original idea. Putting it to work is the hard part."

"I'm just an ordinary housewife who says 'drat it' when something is a bit bothersome. Then I think of a better way to handle it."

Mrs. Potts got the idea for the automatic stirrer when preparing a baby's formula, which must be stirred as it cools to stop it going lumpy.

Her idea of a clockwork stirrer was the first step. Producing a prototype was the second.

Liked idea

Mrs. Potts had an engineer friend she could consult.

He helped with the drawings. The moulded-metal manufacturer liked the idea and it is now in production.

Mrs. Potts regards her inventions as an inexpensive hobby that one day may bring success. She checks the potential of her ideas with her engineer friend, who assures her that although many of them have been thought of, in some form, already, "One of these days you will be ahead of them all."

Mrs. Potts joined the Inventors' Association mainly for the opportunity to mix with fellow inventors and for information. Others have joined in the hope of getting help in testing and producing inventions.

The association tries to assist members from the conception of an idea to its acceptance by the general public.

This involves assessing the idea's potential and advising on design; making and testing prototypes; gauging possible market reaction; instituting patent protection; setting up a manufacturing plant, or drawing up and entering into sale of patent or licensing agreement; selling and distribution.

However, small resources

limit the aid the association can give, and association president, Mr. Charles J. P. Smith, said they now were seeking government support.

Mr. Smith, of Bexley, N.S.W., is a successful inventor who began inventing only six years ago, when he retired prematurely from his position as a senior executive of a manufacturing company because of ill health.

His first invention was a posthole digger. Now he is selling six different implements he invented, three on a world basis. He has built a personal business with a turnover of more than \$40,000.

"Today it is recognised that inventive talents are necessary for the progress of a country and its ability to compete for trade," said Mr. Smith. "Most progressive countries have some form of assistance for inventors."

He cited Britain's National Research Development Corporation and the Office of Invention and Innovation of the United States Department of Commerce. America also organises inventors' exhibitions in many States.

Australia has no equivalent assistance scheme, although through efforts of the Australian association the Federal Government has set up an interdepartmental committee to examine the case for assistance.

Statistics support the case for inventor assistance. In England, two out of five inventions patented come from individuals and the NRDC took over complete development of those with national significance—including the idea of the hovercraft and the fuel cell.

In America, nearly 25 per cent of all patents issued in 1966 were granted to independent "amateur" inventors, who have accounted for 40 of 61 important inventions since 1900.

In Australia, approximately 20,000 inventions are patented each year.

—Barbara Martyn

THE HAPPY VISITORS

THE most natural and charming people you could meet," was the reaction of everyone who saw Princess Alexandra and her husband, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, on their brief visit to Canberra and Sydney. They were relaxed, happy, and deeply interested in everybody and everything they saw.

Their impact is summed up by the comment of Mrs. Ada Willison, when they visited the Alexandra and Kent War Widows' Homes, at Dolls Point, N.S.W.: "They are a most gracious, natural couple. And, oh dear, I forgot to curtsy."

● The Princess and her husband (below) being shown around the Alexandra and Kent War Widows' Homes, at Dolls Point, N.S.W., by Mrs. A. L. Watkins, O.B.E., State President of the War Widows' Guild (right of picture).



● Princess Alexandra and the Hon. Angus Ogilvy with the Governor of New South Wales, Sir Roden Cutler, and Lady Cutler at a dinner at Government House, Sydney.

● Leaving St. John's Church, Canberra (below), the Princess is farewelled by Archdeacon F. M. Hill. Her coat was slit at the sides to show her slim-line white dress.



NEXT WEEK

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★ She is a self-made millionairess — and an Englishwoman of rare achievement: Margery Hurst (left), who tells her own success story in . . . "No Glass Slipper"

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★ Exotic, graceful cyclamen — they provide superb color in winter; our garden expert, Allan Seale, gives advice on . . . **BEAUTIFUL CYCLAMEN**

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★ What are the latest trends in styles and fabrics for 1967? You'll see new-season blends and synthetics with easy care and wear qualities in our colorful round-up of . . . **FASHIONS from the SHOPS**



LORD SNOWDON

TONY AND MARGARET

—A CLASH OF WILLS

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

● "I don't know what has come over him." It was a devoted old royal retainer commenting on Lord Snowdon's neglectful behaviour toward Princess Margaret which gave rise to the rumors concerning their marriage.

"He used to be so devoted and rarely left her side.

"It's no wonder these rumors, that

their marriage is about to break up, have swept the Continent and have spread all over Britain and the world."

The old retainer assured me, however, he didn't think there was anything as serious as a rift in the situation.

"But Tony will have to toe the line," he said. "The Queen has put her foot down at last."

THE rumors of a break-up were sparked off when Lord Snowdon left on a longish assignment for the "Sunday Times" in the Far East, shrouded in the quite necessary secrecy in which a newspaper photographer often works.

Princess Margaret, after he had gone, dined alone at Kensington Palace. She kissed her children, Lord Linley and Lady Sarah, good night, took her overnight bag, and went to King Edward VII Hospital for Officers for a check-up.

Her mother, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, who had spent three weeks in the same hospital, was recuperating from the operation performed there and was at Sandringham with the Queen.

They kept in touch.

All this might have passed off as quite normal. As Major John Griffin, the Princess' secretary, explained at the time, "All I can say is that

Lord Snowdon knows his wife is in hospital. He is abroad and is obviously quite content with the matter."

But there had been what was described to me as "quite a dust-up at Clarence House," where the Queen Mother lives.

Everybody was hoping it would not get into the papers. There is always a leak, somehow, somewhere; and it did.

TERSE WORDS FROM PHILIP

As is usual in the all-too-frequent reports of rifts in royal marriages, which gain fresh currency every time the foreign Press sniff something going wrong and put their heads together, the Queen was the last to know of what the retainer called "this dust-up at the Palace," when Tony hopped off into the blue on a vaguely defined assignment with an assistant, cancelling an important date to escort Princess Margaret to a gala night.

"Up till now it is Prince Philip who has rounded on Tony for the way he behaves

in the family circle," the retainer said.

Lord Snowdon, who, as photographer Antony Armstrong-Jones, married the Queen's sister in Westminster Abbey, accepted that life wouldn't be the care-free existence of a hard-working and successful young photographer once he married royalty.

And on the State occasions he has attended in the seven years since his marriage, he has been a model of conformity. At times, when Prince Philip has been abroad, he has been the only male member of the royal family in official parties with the Queen.

"But he is anything but a conformist when he is down at Windsor," I was told.

"No woman, let alone a princess, could stand the off-hand way he treats Princess Margaret."

"He goes down to dinner without her, leaving her upstairs calling after him to wait. But he takes no notice."

Protocol is not as strictly observed when the royal family are together as when they are entertaining, when

each must conform to an order of precedence.

But even if it is more homely, it is just good manners to escort your wife down to pre-dinner drinks and take her into the dining-room.

Prince Philip has had to speak to Tony more than once for coming down to luncheon at Windsor Castle in old jeans.

These are ups and downs of married life which, if looked at in perspective, are no more serious than the conflict bound to arise between a couple who are both personalities, have marked differences of opinion, and come from different worlds.

But this is no reason to suspect that either Princess Margaret or Lord Snowdon is contemplating separation.

Nobody bothers to try to conceal the fact that it is going to take a lot of give and take on both their parts to make their marriage work, and that Tony, who has been given a very free range in his professional capacity in a highly commercial world, will have to shoulder more of the duties of the royal family.



PRINCESS MARGARET



ABOVE: Princess Margaret and the Earl of Snowdon at the Guildhall when the Princess received the Freedom of the City of London. AT RIGHT: The Princess with her children, Viscount Linley and Lady Sarah Armstrong-Jones (in the arms of Sarah's nanny).

Yet nobody seriously believes there is any real estrangement, in spite of the fact that he left Princess Margaret for his month-long job in the Far East when she was about to have a five-day hospital check-up, and that this check-up was followed by her doctor ordering her a complete ten-day rest in the sunshine; and in spite of the fact that she has had to attend one royal function after another alone.

Simply, the marriage has hit a trouble patch, and because this is the Queen's sister the foreign papers have got hold of it and made the most of a juicy royal titbit. Said one of Tony's staff, loyally, "Lord Snowdon may

not care a lot about royalty, and cannot wait to get away from protocol — he clears off from Sandringham, and likes Sardinia better than Balmoral — but he would never let Princess Margaret down."

Their holiday together in the Bahamas should end the rumors which ran in foreign papers.

A headline in Paris had said: "Princess Margaret to leave Tony," and a German paper printed an outright lie when it said the Princess' life was "in danger" when Tony went travelling alone.

Perhaps a little nearer the truth was the paper that said Queen Elizabeth "won't let Margaret's marriage break up."

"We tried to keep those

foreign rumors from the Queen," one of the Court circle at Clarence House said. "Nobody wants to upset her with marriage troubles."

The dust, in fact, had settled and the whole affair would probably have been forgiven and forgotten in the way of so many marital disturbances had the rumors not spread and been flushed around England.

EXAGGERATION OF TROUBLES

"The Queen's face fell when she heard," I was told. Action was immediate.

The news of Princess Margaret's trip to the Bahamas, on the advice of her doctors (a very important part of

the statement), was given front-page prominence.

That she would be joined there by Lord Snowdon after his Japan assignment was both natural and expected.

This holiday together should convince the sensation-seekers that all is well, and tiffs in royal married life don't mean complete estrangement; that you can have a mind and a life of your own, these days, in Britain's non-stuffy royal family, without a marriage breaking up irrevocably.

As one well-known Court correspondent writes, "There appears to be absolutely no reason for suspecting that either Princess Margaret or her husband is contemplating separation in the foreseeable future."

Neither does there seem any need now to conceal the fact that Tony isn't universally popular in certain royal circles.

Those who, from the beginning, have predicted that such a marriage would not last have been quick to exaggerate any minor incidents.

And, naturally, when Tony behaves at Windsor as though he "doesn't care much about anything," and Prince Philip, to quote the retainer, "has to get on to him about everything," it feeds the gossips.

But the truth seems to be much less serious than incompatibility. Rather it is a slight clash of wills and overlapping of careers.

It has been firmly stated in print that Tony's Japan assignment was widely known weeks before the Princess went into hospital. He had cancelled many appointments to be clear for the trip, and knew the routine nature of his wife's medical checks before he left.

A spokesman for them said, "If there had been the slightest cause for anxiety Tony would not have gone on his trip. There is no question about that."

"Lord Snowdon immediately agreed to the Princess' suggestion for a stay in Nassau, and cancelled arrangements for his return to London at the end of his newspaper assignment."

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HIS LABOR OF LOVE

An Australian concerns himself with helping the helpless who are preyed upon by war in South Vietnam



● Ambulance is swung aboard. Ron Powles went with the ambulance by ship to Hong Kong, where it was loaded on to a freighter for Saigon. Ron flew to Saigon to await its arrival and proceed to the tiny mountain hospital in DaMpaio, north-east of Saigon.



● Vietnamese repair a bridge mined by the Viet Cong. The five bridges on the Dalat road, which hospital staff travel daily, are continuously mined.



● Chinese doctor and American nurse with a sick child on a routine medical visit to a village near the hospital.



● Ron Powles starts to take the ambulance across a bridge mined by the Viet Cong. There is a 30-foot drop below.

"SOUTH VIETNAM is a wreck... Telephone lines are down, roads blown up, bridges mined, villages and towns destroyed. Thousands of people are wandering around homeless, injured, sick, starving. Little children, prematurely orphaned, wander in and out of military camps hoping to find someone to care for them."

This was the description given by Ron Powles, a qualified male nurse and retired ambulance driver, of West Ryde, N.S.W., who volunteered for a civil aid project in Vietnam and took an ambulance to a village hospital 180 miles north-east of Saigon.

Ron, aged 52 and a grandfather, spent two months driving the ambulance in Vietnam last year. He returned to Australia to get three more ambulances and a power generator for the hospital.

Ron volunteered for Vietnam to work with Project Concern, an independent, non-profit relief organisation begun six years ago by an American physician-teacher, Dr. Jim Turpin.

Two years ago it raised funds to establish and support a small hospital in the mountain village of DaMpaio.

There is a Viet Cong camp about 20 miles from the hospital and a South Vietnamese camp only a quarter of a mile away (near the Ho Chi Minh trail); thus there is an ever-present danger of the hospital being caught in crossfire.

"The South Vietnamese have begged us to arm ourselves in case of a real battle. But if we arm we invite attack by the Viet Cong," said Ron Powles.

"There is constant fighting in the area around the hospital, as the Viet Cong continually return to loot the villages."

A shock

Ron and his ambulance were a most welcome sight for the hospital staff. With one jeep stolen by the Viet Cong and the other out of action, they had reached the point of no transport and had not made a village visit for a week.

His own first sight of the hospital was a shock.

"I had expected a small hospital with rows of beds covered neatly with white sheets. I have to laugh now at my ideas," he said.

"Most of the patients are primitive mountain natives who have never seen beds."

"Inevitably the bedding is

removed from the bedstead on to the concrete floor, the patient covered in the blankets provided, and the family, who wouldn't dream of leaving their injured relative alone, group round and prepare for a long stay. The sight is a rather chaotic one."

Recovered patients and other refugees also camp round the hospital, hoping to find protection and safety there. Project Concern tries to feed and help them, too, increasing its burden tremendously.

Ron quickly settled into the new way of living: No sewerage, no pure water (river water is collected and boiled), a very limited diet with a lot of rice.

All volunteers

The staff of 30, all volunteers, include nurses from America, Canada, England, and Australia, two American and two Chinese doctors.

The nearest town is Dalat, 35 miles away. Fresh food is picked up every day—a routine drive—except for crossing five bridges continually mined by the Viet Cong.

The hospital serves all villages within a 20-mile radius (there are hundreds in the area, about a mile apart). The villages are visited each afternoon, on a rotation basis.

Ron's duties ranged from picking up sick, wounded, and orphaned children to delivering a baby.

During his 20 years with the Central District Ambulance in Australia, he had delivered about 20 babies, but the delivery in Vietnam was strikingly different.

"We got a message about a pregnant woman in a village," he said. "One of our doctors told me to go out for her, as he was worried it might be a difficult birth."

"At the village, the woman was already in labor. I was shown into a tiny mud hut, filled with about 20 people and with a fire going. There was so much smoke I could hardly see, but I delivered the baby on the floor of the hut."

"The birth had not been difficult after all, but I decided to take both mother and baby to the hospital for a check-up."

"The mother was completely unconcerned, and walked with me into the hospital. I was amazed at her recuperative power."

Project Concern has also instigated, in co-operation with the South Vietnamese Government, a training program for young men and

women to become hospital medical assistants or village medical assistants.

The students are first taught English, then do a basic medical course, and graduate at the end of six months with a certificate from their government.

The hospital assistants join the staff of the DaMpaio Hospital.

The village assistants return home, where they hold daily clinics, administer 13 basic drugs, teach sanitation, help TB patients to care for themselves and protect their families, apply first-aid, and give preventive medicines for malaria, etc.

When the hospital team makes its rotating village rounds, the VMA has his patients who require a doctor's care lined up, and he acts as interpreter to the physician and nurse. In prestige, he ranks second only to the village headman.

Ron said that unknowingly they once trained a Viet Cong youth.

"He was with us for about six months, very eager to learn everything he could, particularly surgery. We assumed he had come from an outlying village, but when he suddenly disappeared we were suspicious."

"A few days later word filtered back that he had been a Viet Cong."

Ron said the hospital also treated the Viet Cong — one reason for their lack of trouble with them. (The Viet Cong do not attack the hospital or its staff.)

"The only way we can guess their identity is from the reactions of the other patients — they become frightened and withdrawn. But we can't just leave them to die."

"Vietnam is a terrible place to have a war—there are 15 million people in South Vietnam, a piece of land which would fit easily into the State of Victoria."

Bomb terror

"The streets of Saigon are as crowded as the Sydney Showground when the Royal Agricultural Show is on. It is horrible when a Viet Cong throws a bomb into the crowd in the hope of killing some off-duty servicemen."

"I was there when the elections were being held and the Viet Cong were continually bombing and terrorising to prevent people getting to the polls. But most of them made it, and South Vietnam now has 160 elected members of parliament."

"They are a wonderful people, the Vietnamese,



RON POWLES, a male nurse and ambulance driver, now retired, and his wife, Betty, a former operating theatre supervisor. They are volunteer members of Project Concern, an independent, non-profit relief organisation bringing medical aid to the people of South Vietnam.

friendly, always grateful for our help, and always cheerful and smiling — although I don't know what they can find to smile about."

"The people are willing to work hard to be independent and self-supporting, but they need help."

Great need

"If the war is stopped and everyone simply leaves South Vietnam, the absolute chaos would enable the Communists to take over peacefully within months."

"Civil aid is what the country really needs, to help it to become self-supporting."

"We have a long list of volunteers from many countries offering their services, but we need more funds to provide for them while they work. At this stage we just can't afford them."

Ron returned from Vietnam with two positive aims, to get three more ambulances (with four-wheel drive to cope with the terrain) and a generator to provide power for the hospital.

"We have hospital equipment that has been donated just standing idle because we haven't the power to run it."

A radio transmitter, too, would be invaluable, he said. "Most of the telephone lines are down and planes are our only link with the towns and military bases."

"We often have to hop a plane just to take a message — a terrible waste — and always with the fear of a Viet Cong attack on take-off or landing. We have to fly high to miss the bullets." Large supplies of raisins

and powdered milk are also needed to provide a vitamin-rich diet for the children.

Ron hopes to get back to Vietnam later in the year. His two months of heavy duty brought on a kidney ailment and his doctor has advised rest.

But his idea of rest is a frantic involvement in the work of Project Concern in Sydney — securing equipment and funds.

His example has drawn more volunteers.

An electrical engineer, Jack Bazeley, of Concord, N.S.W., has volunteered to travel with the generator to Vietnam, install it at the hospital, and remain for up to 12 months to teach the Vietnamese how to maintain it.

Eric Grey, of Fairlight, N.S.W., a young, single ambulance officer of the Manly Branch of the Central District Ambulance, has also volunteered to give up his job and go to Vietnam for a year to drive the ambulances.

"Rather dicey"

Ron's wife, a former operating theatre supervisor, who helped to raise funds for the ambulance, would like to go to Vietnam with her husband to help at the hospital.

"But I am not keen on Bet going," Ron said. "It is really rather dicey up there."

Mrs. Powles, 45, said she was not at all afraid to go to Vietnam.

"You can walk out on the street here and get killed," she said.

—BARBARA MARTYN

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Square dance's love 'twist'

● Caller Graham Rigby, his sons, Peter (left) and John, and wife, Valerie, at a square dance.

* A thousand square-dancers will converge on Brisbane for the National Square Dancing Convention to be held over the Easter weekend (March 25, 26, and 27).

They'll travel from all States and from New Zealand.

With them there will be 50 to 60 callers, whose vibrant voices will chant the "hoe-downs" and sing the calls set to songs for the dancers to move through their steps.

We learnt two interesting things about square dancing. Firstly, they're not really "hops."

Mr. Graham Rigby, a

caller and dance official in the host State, says square dancing is not at all the hop, skip, and jump kind of movement sometimes shown in films. It should be a graceful type of step — a good square-dancer doesn't jump or hop at all.

And a square dance can be just as romantic as the more traditionally dreamy dances.

Romance blossomed for Graham Rigby at the Ashgrove Square Dance Club, Brisbane, 13 years ago. There he met Valerie, now his wife — also a square-dancer.

They have two sons, Peter,

five, and John, six — both junior square-dancers.

Graham Rigby estimates there are about 10,000 square-dancers, not counting children, in Australia today — although in the boom year of 1953 the figure had soared to around 50,000.

One hundred convent schools in Queensland, as well as a number of State schools, include square dancing as part of physical instruction, Graham says.

Recently he brought out two square-dance albums through RCA.

He says square dancing is gaining in popularity — not waning.

BLOWING UP A STORM!

THERE really will be fireworks when the BMC National Youth Orchestra present Tchaikovsky's "1812 Overture" during a performance soon at Melbourne's Moomba Festival. The piece calls for cannon-fire—which is a bit window-shattering in a built-up area. So organisers hired a fireworks expert who has prepared 20-odd 44-gallon drums charged with noisy, but harmless, explosives. At appropriate times a score-reader electronically detonates them. A bang-on idea, eh?

PARTYGOERS FIT FOR A QUEEN...

FAMOUS names, like Norman Hartnell, were there. "Unknowns," like chimney-sweep Walter Gamble, were there, too. And 1000 other names, known and unknown. The one thing they had in common: All are entitled to put the "By Appointment" Royal Arms in their windows.

The Queen's shopkeepers and suppliers were taking cocktails for two hours at Guildhall, London.

The Queen and Prince Philip were there, too, helping them to celebrate the diamond jubilee of the Royal Warrant Holders' Association.

It was the first time the royal tradesmen had joined together in an informal meeting with the reigning monarch.

Some of the guests at the party...



● Windsor Castle royal sweep, Walter Gamble, 48.



● Royal bagpipe-maker, John Weatherstone, 49.



● Daniel Tong, 30, makes muffins "By Appointment."

THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER...

... only wanted a "light" meal!

■ The best-laid plans of mice and men can go bung — and so can those of women.

... As a young Sydney housewife glumly explained.

It seems her businessman husband was keen to impress a firm with his energy, efficiency, etc.

So, one day, his wife was charged with the job of entertaining the wives of some of the firm's executives. A tasteful luncheon?

The linen was spotless, the flowers were perfectly arranged, the cutlery gleamed, the food was ready to make mouths water — and hearts soften.

The women arrived and were being helped to leave their hats, bags, and coats in the lobby.

Then there was a ring at the front door and a man stood there.

He had come, he announced to all and sundry, to disconnect the electricity for non-payment of a bill!



● Three beautiful little blonde, blue-eyed English triplets (see left) recently started on the road to stardom — at the tender age of eight months!

Their proud father has signed a seven-year contract for each of them with a drama school. The contracts guarantee them a total of 21 years of work on television, in films, and on the stage.

The triplets — Anna, Melissa, and Karen Mer-

cer — made showbusiness history the day Dad signed on the dotted line on their behalf. For they are the youngest English stars ever signed on a seven-year contract.

Their first job: Making a television commercial for baby products.

When they are three years old, the Mercer sisters will be given drama lessons from an expert.

One big mystery sur-

rounds the triplets: Where do they live? Their parents are not saying. As their mother says: "We don't want them to become a sideshow."

But it's a pretty sure bet that by the time their contract has run its course, the public will know all about the Mercer sisters.

Remember — by then they will be showbusiness veterans of seven-and-a-bit!

PIERRE CARDIN SHOWS HIS SPRING COLLECTION IN AUSTRALIA



● Delicious daytime coat (above) in pink-and-white wool-satin. A rouleau finishes the neck and hem. Pink sheer stockings and low-heeled shoes complete the total look.



● More subtle than the mini-skirt is this asymmetrical evening dress leaving one shoulder and one leg bare. The dress is embroidered with sequins. The same decoration is used for one stocking.



● Swinging trapeze coat in gay plaid wool. The checks are diagonal to emphasise the line of the design. The coat has a band of plain material at the neck and hem. It is worn with an enormous side-tilted red beret.

● These Pierre Cardin spring fashions, which the designer has been showing in Australia, are alive with the giddiness of youth and today's mood of freedom. The clothes — they are exclusively for the young — are worn without any foundations. Skirts are for striding. Cardin uses colored stockings to match low-heeled shoes for a head-to-toe look. Cardin day shoes are simple and have little heels; stockings are sheer and patterned. With his new girl look, Cardin also showed new men's fashions.

—BETTY KEEP

Pictures by staff photographer Don Cameron

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 15, 1967



● Shocking-pink glitter evening dress (above) is embroidered with an abstract flame design. The dress has the Cardin asymmetric hem.

● Two-piece suit (left) made in lilac wool gabardine. The sheer stockings in pale lilac match the shoes. The Cardin shoe look for day is very simple.



● Cardin's imaginative color sense is seen in the yellow organdie dress (above). The up-and-down hemline has a ruffle trim in green and yellow.

● Total look is seen (left) in a side-buttoned coat made in white wool crepe and buttoned and banded in navy.

● Cardin's girl and boy fashions (right) are both worn with wide cummerbund belts. The back-zippered belts are made in colored plastic mounted on matching jersey.





MARRIED. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ashton arriving at Royal Sydney Golf Club after their marriage at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, with their attendants, Mr. Timothy Ashton (at front), Mr. Timothy Sutherland (centre), and Mr. Malcolm Rose (at back), and bridesmaids Miss Edwina Robertson (at front), Miss Fran Colman (centre) and Miss Juliet Ashton (at back). The bride was Miss Pip Colman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Colman, of Double Bay. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Ashton, of "Checkers," Cargo.



ENGAGED. An April wedding is planned by Mr. Ian Erratt and Miss Diana Thearle, who recently announced their engagement. Miss Thearle is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Thearle, of Killara. Her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Erratt, of Gunnedah.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT by Mollie Lyons

I COULDN'T resist asking Lady Johnston, wife of the British High Commissioner, about the jobs she wears with a small watch on the belt of her dress. One is of turquoise and gold and the other of blue-colored stones which resemble eyes. They were given to her by friends after she had been involved in a number of accidents, and are supposed to guard her from further mishaps. Incidentally, since wearing them she has been safe!

AND, speaking of unusual jewellery, for the second time I noticed the beautiful pieces worn by Mrs. Armand Gandon, wife of the Consul-General for France. She has a striking set of green aquamarines, which her husband collected and had set for her when they were living in Ceylon. The necklace has five square-cut stones, and there is a matching brooch and earrings. Another lovely set is of Brazilian tourmalines. The necklace is rather like a series of flower sprays of the square-cut stones with matching earrings.

THOUGHT how well Mrs. Evelyn Crossing looked when I saw her shopping in town the day after she returned from a month's holiday at Terrigal, where she stayed in the holiday house belonging to her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Michael White, of "Belltrees," Scone.

WHAT a busy itinerary Mrs. Jacques Peliffot, wife of the French Consul in Peru, has planned during her visit to Australia. While her husband is on business in Paris she took the opportunity of returning to her hometown, Canowindra, to visit relatives and to attend the 21st birthday party given for her nephew, Richard Carmon. After staying with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Fleming, on their property "Bourkie," at Bourke, she will spend a few days at Cooma with her niece, Mrs. Frank Montague, before returning to Sydney for a few days prior to leaving for Peru.

OTHER overseas visitors here at present are Mr. and Mrs. John Bayley (she is the famous novelist Iris Murdoch). Mr. Norman Williams, representative of the British Council, and Mrs. Williams, have been busy entertaining for them at a series of cocktail parties and then drove them up to Canberra to attend a seminar. When the Bayleys return from a trip to the Barrier Reef the Williamses plans to show them more of Sydney.

JUST home this week from Zurich in Switzerland, Alanna LoSchiavo is bursting with news of her year abroad. She spent the time at the Montesano finishing school in Gstaad and was most successful in their skiing championships. Alanna was thrilled to meet some of her relatives in Rome and spent her Christmas vacation with them.

DATES, for your diary . . . the first function of the newly formed North Shore Auxiliary of the Civilian Maimed and Limbless Association of N.S.W., on April 20. It's a luncheon and fur parade at the Killara Inn, with a prize for the gayest hat worn by a guest.

DURING his first official visit to Sydney, Dr. Mario Majoli, the Italian Ambassador, and Mrs. Majoli, will attend a cocktail reception which has been arranged for them at the Sherbrooke Lounge on March 16 by the council of the Dante Alighieri Society. The Majolis arrived in Sydney two weeks ago and flew straight to Canberra to take up residence there.

ANOTHER cocktail party I heard of this week will be given by Mrs. Julian Mackay on March 10 at her club. Among the hundred guests will be many of her friends from Scone (where she used to live) and the surrounding district.



TREE-PLANTING. Hungarian gardener John Takacs lent a helping hand and Mr. Ogilvy, Sir Charles Johnston, the British High Commissioner, and Lady Johnston looked on while Princess Alexandra planted a lemon verbena tree in the grounds of Canberra House as a memento of their stay. Other trees nearby were planted by Sir Robert Menzies and Lady Oliver.



AT RECEPTION. Princess Alexandra with the Premier, Mr. W. Askin (second from right), and Mr. and Mrs. Jock Pagan at the cocktail party given in her honor by the State Government at the Australia Hotel. The Princess and Mr. Ogilvy mingled with the 250 guests, chatting informally.



JUST WED. Flowergirl Louise Atwill was impatient to leave the church after the marriage of Dr. and Mrs. Kenneth Downes at St. Martin's Church, Killara. The bride was Miss Margot Davies, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Davies, of Killara. The bridegroom is the son of Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Downes, of Forrest, Canberra. Miss Helen Davies, Miss Jill Cooper, Miss Jenny Wood, and Miss Carol Dobie attended the bride.



ABOVE: Host Mr. Roger Levy, Commercial Counsellor for France, and Mrs. Levy (centre) with couturier Pierre Cardin and Brazilian model Maria Garrido at the party given in their honor at the Levys' home at Bellevue Hill.



AT RIGHT: Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, president of the Black and White Committee, with Mr. Dekyvere (at right) and visiting Frenchman Andre Olivier at the gala parade of Pierre Cardin's 1967 spring-summer collection held at the Wentworth Hotel to aid the Royal Blind Society. Mr. Olivier is Mr. Cardin's co-director.



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She's "faced the music" for 30 years

—Writing a book on the S.S.O.
was sheer pleasure to musician

● Concert-goers can read what it is like on the other side of the podium in "Facing The Music," a book by viola player Helen Bainton, telling of her 20 years with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra.



● Musician-author Miss Helen Bainton

MISS BAINTON has seen the birth and growth of the orchestra to the time of its appearance on the world stage.

She has recalled many of the funny, inspiring, disappointing, sad, and triumphant moments which went to make up its early history.

"But the book is not a documentary of the growth of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, it is purely a record of my personal impressions," said Miss Bainton.

Writing the book (her second, the first being a biography of her father, the late Dr. Edgar L. Bainton, composer, conductor, and director of the N.S.W. Conservatorium of Music) was "sheer pleasure."

She worked on it nights—after concerts—for a year.

"It brought back so many wonderful memories," she said. "I miss it now that I have finished it."

Miss Bainton recalled some of the stories of famous visiting conductors which go to make up her book, to be published this month.

Schneevogt, who came to Australia in 1937, was a great showman who would order the audience to listen with eyes tightly closed to "Valse Triste," by Sibelius.

He would turn round ferociously to see if his order was being obeyed and the audience would guiltily comply.

As the piece came quietly to an end, he would launch instantly into "Finlandia," which would wake everyone up with a start and end the concert on a note of triumph.

A conductor whose

reputation for bad temper preceded him was Otto Klemperer.

Everyone was prepared for the worst and when, during rehearsal, hammering started in the next building, Klemperer stopped, looked annoyed, and officials rushed to see if the noise could be stopped.

When it persisted, Klemperer said to the fiddlers, "Don't play so loudly, violins, I can't hear the hammering!" The tension was immediately relieved.

A different kind of interruption was suffered by Cluytens. Many symphonic

Meanwhile, the orchestra leader, a horn player, a cellist, and the librarian, under the command of resident conductor Eugene Goossens, rushed to the Conservatorium. The cellist climbed the back fence to open the gate and Goossens forced his way into the library to gather suitable music.

The concert was played with special effort—and warmly received. The music was later recovered after a practical joker had confessed.

Miss Bainton described the role played by Eugene Goossens (he was later

ation alive. When we arrived in Newcastle, he stepped off the train as urbane as ever, even though he was dressed in dungarees and an old cap, with a somewhat grubby face and carrying an oily rag."

Miss Bainton also devotes a chapter each to the orchestra's other two resident conductors, Dr. Nicolai Malko and Dean Dixon.

These men, with Sir Bernard Heinze, Joseph Post, Percy Code, and John Hopkins, had been responsible for the orchestra's growth and high standard, she said.

Miss Bainton was born in Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

When her father came to Sydney in 1934 as Director of the Conservatorium, she joined his orchestra and on his suggestion took up the viola.

After an audition with the ABC in 1941 she played for the orchestra on a casual basis until 1946, when, with the formation of the larger orchestra, she became a permanent member of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra.

The orchestra's tour of the East and appearance in London in 1965 for the Commonwealth Arts Festival was the thrill of a lifetime.

It was this final triumph which inspired Miss Bainton to write her book.

Still exuding enthusiasm after 30 years, Miss Bainton believes there is no life equal to that of an orchestral player.

She has found the odd working hours—nightly and weekend concerts—no great hardship. "I could not stand a nine-to-five job. I love having odd times off for hobbies and sports."

By BARBARA MARTYN

works use brass and woodwind sparingly, resulting in many boring hours at rehearsal for these players.

They usually resort to papers, books, or chess to relieve the monotony, but one Saturday afternoon a transistor boomed out the results of the last race.

Cluytens looked at the offender, then smiled broadly and made a joke which won him the orchestra's close cooperation.

An occurrence "unique in the history of music" took place during Sir John Barbirolli's visit in 1950.

The program included Rossini's "The Thieving Magpie," and not long before the performance was to start, it was discovered that scores and parts had been stolen.

The audience was told the news and that the orchestra would attempt to give a short concert at 9 o'clock.

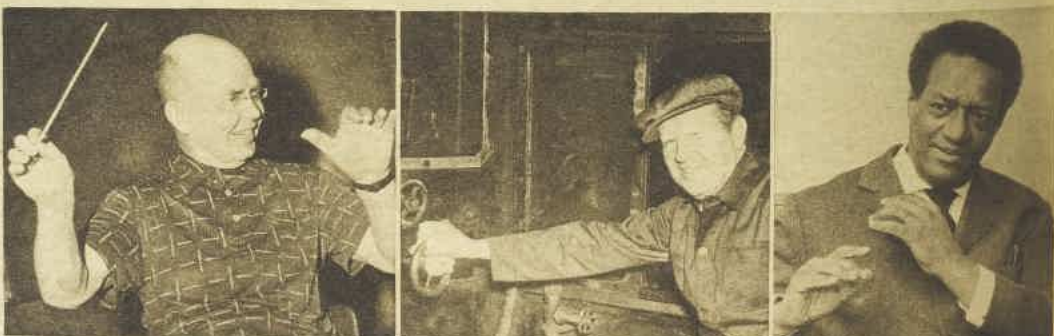
knighted) in his ten years as the orchestra's first resident conductor.

"Goossens had a very wide experience and knowledge of music and theatre and arts in general," she said. "He had a tremendous effect on us. He had the power to communicate his ideas and was a fine teacher. He put the Sydney Symphony Orchestra on the map."

"The S.S.O. was very close to his heart, as were individual players. In moments of crisis, nobody could be kinder or more considerate than 'Gene.'"

Goossens had a passion for trains, and Miss Bainton related how on the way to Newcastle on a tour, he travelled in the driver's cabin.

"Rumor had it, of course, that he was actually driving us, so we wondered if we would reach our destination."



● Three resident conductors of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra. From left, Dr. Nicolai Malko, Eugene (later Sir Eugene) Goossens, in dungarees and an old cap in the driver's cabin of the Newcastle Flyer, and Dean Dixon.

ENJOYMENT FOR ALL ON WORLD TOUR

Sightseeing and parties, games and bargain-hunts

By MICKY McNICOLL, aboard S.S. Himalaya

● The record-breaking number of 1250 people in The Australian Women's Weekly World Discovery Tour of 1967 had a record-breaking shopping spree in Hong Kong.

BETWEEN sightseeing tours they thronged the shops in search of bargains — and they found them.

Everything from camphor chests, cameras, rose-wood tables, tape recorders, silk cushions, cane furniture, transistors, suits, dresses, jewellery, embroidered cardigans to artificial flowers came aboard.

You name it, we bought it.

As we sailed from Hong Kong those already aboard lined the rails of the ship, and good-natured laughter and boos of derision greeted late-comers as they sprinted along the wharf and panted up the gangway under loads of parcels.

One of our male tourists breathed freely once more, as the last rope was untied, when he saw a Chinese tailor burst through the farewelling crowd and hand aboard a natty dark grey suit dangling from a coathanger.

As we set sail into the South China Sea that evening there was more excitement when Mr. and Mrs. W. Fletcher, of Taree, N.S.W., gave a champagne party to celebrate their golden wedding anniversary.

Among their cables of congratulations was one from the Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Holt, and one from the Premier of New South Wales, Mr. R. Askin.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, who were married in Taree, N.S.W., have three sons, one daughter, and 13 grandchildren. Mr. Fletcher is a retired grazier, and one of their sons is now running the property at Johns River, 25 miles from Taree.

Their guests included two old friends who are also on the tour—Mrs. G. Latimore, of Taree, and her sister, Mrs. D. Douglas, of Collaroy, N.S.W.

Captain M. R. Prowse presented Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher with a gift from the ship's company.

The same night Staff Captain Ian Adie gave a cocktail party for Helen Noye, of Warwick, Queensland, who was celebrating her 21st birthday.

Since we left Brisbane with our full complement of tour members everyone has been busy making new friends, playing deck games, enjoying the entertainments arranged each night by the ship's crew—and writing letters.

Meeting old friends

For the first time any member of the crew can recall the ship has run out of writing paper, and the ship's bureau had to open an extra window for the sale of stamps.

A record number of mail-bags has gone ashore. Tour members keep meeting old friends, surprised to learn they are also on the tour.

Most surprised of them all is Mr. Norman Andrews, a World War I veteran, of Sydney, who walked into his cabin and found his cabin mate was an old friend of 26 years standing, Mr. Bill Gibson.

Now both widowed, they had not seen one another for three years and neither had any idea the other planned to make the trip.

Walking round the deck later, Mr. Andrews came face to face with Mr. and Mrs. Bob Duncan. Mrs. Duncan and Mr. Andrews were schoolmates at Lidcombe Public School in Sydney, and hadn't seen each other for 50 years.

But old friends or new friends, everyone is happy, from Miss May Murray, of Invercargill, New Zealand (who claims to be our most southern passenger), to those from the north of Queensland.

Six of the Queenslanders on board are lifelong friends who planned to do the trip together. They are Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Simpson, of Monto, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmidt, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Burnell, all of Mackay.

A competition held to find the most glamorous grandmother on board was won by a great-grandmother! She is Mrs. F. B. Simon, of Manly, N.S.W., who has two daughters, five grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

No one would pick Mrs. Simon as a great-grandmother. She met and married her late husband in France in World War I—and still has her French accent and chic appearance.

At the first "race meeting" the youngest jockey set an all-time ship's record of 15 seconds for reeling her horse to victory. She is Sally Commins, of Goulburn, N.S.W.

Sally is travelling with her parents, and her horse was her father's entry in the race—Rumble by Tummy out of Order.

Our ship is so full that when we took aboard a pilot to steer us safely through Torres Strait he had to sleep on a stretcher in the chart-room on the bridge.

Hard to navigate

The Strait has some of the most difficult navigation passages in the Seven Seas (at one place there was only 8ft. of water between the ship's keel and the coral reef below) and pilots who apply for the job can wait for ten years or more before they are appointed.

Our pilot, Mr. E. M. Sullivan, of the Queensland Coast and Torres Strait Pilot Service, has been on the job for 11 years. Before that he spent seven years sailing through the Strait, working his way up from third mate to master.

There are 32 pilots in the service. When they go ashore at Thursday Island they wait there to board a vessel for the return trip.

Their average stay on the island is about four days, but if no ships are returning in that time there is a plane service, three days a week, to fly the pilots back.

"The most difficult part is the 500 miles at the northern end," said Mr. O'Sullivan. "The shallowest part is only 38ft. and this ship has a draught of 30ft. We're travelling a mile every three minutes and a ship of this size can't be turned to a new course in one mile."

"Of course there are more navigational aids now than when I started sailing these waters—but that only means bigger ships can use the route."

The only thing to mar the pleasure of our trip so far was the news of Hobart's disastrous bushfires. Tasmanian passengers at once called a meeting to discuss ways and means of helping the victims.

Mr. B. J. Ryan has been elected president of a committee which will collect donations and on our arrival in London this money will be handed over to an appropriate authority.

Many of the Tasmanian women have volunteered to address envelopes which will be delivered to the cabins so that the names of the donors can be forwarded with the money collected.

Many people on the tour decided to make the trip after talking to friends who enjoyed The Australian Women's Weekly World Discovery Tour last year.

Mr. and Mrs. R. McCulloch, of Adelaide, are among them, and have already recruited many tour members to their idea that what might be termed a "returned travellers' club" be formed.

He has already planned a homecoming party to be given when he and his wife return to Adelaide, to show photographs and slides to their friends and tell them about the trip.

This is just one of the enthusiasms of all our travellers.

But perhaps the nicest remark has been made by the man who said: "The ship's captain, officers, and crew are extending the VIP treatment to us all."

A 21st birthday party



● Miss Helen Noye with Staff Captain Ian Adie, who gave a cocktail party for her 21st birthday.

Golden Wedding



● Mr. and Mrs. W. Fletcher gave a champagne party on board ship to celebrate their golden wedding.

A game of quoits



● Mrs. Alma Miller, of Toowoomba, Queensland, plays quoits on the boat deck — wonderful in the sea air.



GRACEFUL arch of a suspension bridge across a river at Wabag in the beautiful Western Highlands of New Guinea.



CITY men from ABC-TV enjoyed the unusual travel. Here, members of the team travel by outboard motor along the Sepik River.



LOCAL WOMEN, near Mt. Hagen, dressed and painted with primitive make-up for a sing-sing, are not shy of the TV camera.



NEW GUINEA'S civilised face. Markets in Rabaul, New Britain, where New Guineans and Europeans shop for provisions.



THE THREE FACES OF NEW GUINEA

Television



ONE OF THE FOCAL and colorful incidents of the documentary, photographed above, is the Native Council elections at Wabag in the Western Highlands.

WHAT is the common link that holds together more than 2,000,000 people speaking 700 different languages in a territory like New Guinea?

Every expert in the field would probably come up with a different answer. Film director Brett Porter, faced with the question when he was assigned to write and direct a general documentary on New Guinea, took three weeks of research and travel to find his answer.

According to Porter the link that binds the territory together from the Highlands and the Sepik River, the Gulf of Papua and Rabaul, New Ireland, Bougainville, and the Trobriand Islands, is the members of the New Guinea House of Assembly.

Porter stars three members of the House of Assembly in the documentary, "Three Faces of New Guinea." Matthias Toliman, of Rabaul; John Pasquarelli, of the Sepik River; and Tei Abal, of Wabag, in the Western Highlands, tell the story. The areas they represent are shown in this picturesque documentary.

—NAN MUSGROVE

TRIBESMEN listen as Tei Abal, member of the House of Assembly, tells of a trip to America.



PICTURESQUE house, Tambran, at the Sepik River, is used for tribal initiation ceremonies. Women are forbidden entry under pain of death.

• "Three Faces of New Guinea" may be seen in ABC-TV's "Impact" program, Tuesday, March 14, at 8.50 p.m.

ANGRY FANS PROTEST ABOUT "THE PLANE MAKERS"

Television

By NAN MUSGROVE

SINCE the channel moved "The Plane Makers" from Mondays at 9.30 p.m. to Fridays at 10 p.m., the fans have been in action shouting at everyone at TCN9 from the switchgirls to the program manager.

"The Plane Makers" is one of the best series on TV. Everyone from the top brass down to the switchgirls at TCN9 agrees that this is so, but TV popularity ratings showed plainly that it couldn't survive on Mondays at 9.30 p.m.

Heavyweight competition from old movies on other channels was submerging it.

TCN9 decided to move it to Fridays at 10 p.m. where it has a chance of survival, but they didn't take the fans of "The Plane Makers" into their confidence.

Fans are often heard grumbling over the back fence or from their comfortable TV chairs, but the athletic-type fans who rise from their chairs and go into action at the telephone are rare en masse.

According to reports, "The Plane Makers" fans started telephoning as soon as the old movie being screened didn't stop dead in its tracks at 9.30, the time at which "The Plane Makers" should have started.

They were still telephoning about it three days later, and everyone at TCN9 was running for cover.

Times clash

I was one of the fans who telephoned screaming abuse early Wednesday morning.

I was temporarily pacified by the 10 p.m. Friday time until I realised that at that time I will be watching the last five minutes of "Love Story" on Channel 2.

"Love Story" is the reason I describe "The Plane Makers" as "one of the best series on TV." I can't decide which of these two is the best, the most satisfying entertainment.

I am now faced with living in the horrid TV state of either never knowing how "Love Story" ends or alternatively how "The Plane Makers" begins. I hope there is an extra long commercial at the start of "The Plane Makers."

But the good thing is that "The Plane Makers" has not

disappeared, and better still that TCN9 has bought a sequel series to follow it, called "The Power Game," which is said to be even better.

Footnote: In the general reshuffle that moved "The Plane Makers" for a Monday night movie, "Twelve O'Clock High" disappeared from the TCN9 line-up. Apparently no one noticed.



KONRAD MATTHAEI

U.S. star in Australian film

THE other day I met Konrad Matthaei (pronounced "mathi"), an American TV star who has just spent six weeks in Australia without getting in front of a TV camera.

Viewers have missed a real TV treat, for Matthaei is most entertaining. As well, he is intelligent, good-looking, and has a diverting sense of humor.

Matthaei came to Australia to star in a film called "Journey Out Of Darkness."

He arrived in Australia in TV's off-season — January — when all the live, talking, interview and variety shows are temporarily off camera, and took off immediately for Alice Springs, Darwin, and Arnhem Land.

"Journey Out Of Darkness" took six weeks to film in Central Australia. It stars American Matthaei as an Australian police officer, Constable Peterson; white Australian Ed ("Brother Jack") Devereaux as Aboriginal police trooper Jubbal; Ceylonese actor Kamahl as another Aboriginal.

The greatest compliment I can pay Matthaei is that I believe he would be a more credible Australian than many Australian actors asked to play an Australian for an overseas audience.

He is a very masculine-looking 6ft. lin., with blue eyes, straight brown hair worn short, and olive skin.

His American accent is remarkable because it is so slight. It comes closer than anything I have heard to the much-talked-about TV accent, classified as "international."

TV's international accent is speech without any noticeable accent which is acceptable to all nations as not belonging to any particular one.

Educated accent

Matthaei told me that for his Australian role he tried to shed "all my Americanese" and to model his speech on an educated Australian accent rather than a broad Australian accent.

I asked him to define the two of them and he said he thought an Australian speaking broad Australian would say "Good-die, mite" for "Good-day, mate," and an educated Australian would say "Good-dai, maite."

"I enjoyed playing Constable Peterson," he said. "I never thought I'd be fortunate enough to play a film role in Australia."

"Everyone has been extremely kind and very professional."

"I am hoping to return for the premiere of 'Journey Out Of Darkness'."

Matthaei is famous in America as a ne'er-do-well in the CBS daytime serial "As The World Turns."

This serial is telecast daily, live, to an audience of 17,000,000 viewers, so it is not surprising that Matthaei was hailed half-way up Ayers Rock by an American tourist and asked for his autograph.

I asked him how he'd managed to get away for six weeks.

"I am on the wrong side of the law on TV," he said. "In 'As the World Turns' I have just got out of jail on parole."

"The day I left for Australia I appeared on camera, out of prison. I slipped into the back of the church to see my ex-wife's wedding (she divorced me while I was in prison) and then was sent off to medical school for six weeks' training."

"I will return this week triumphant, having finished my medical training."

I said I supposed he would be a male nurse now instead of a jailbird, and he laughed at me.

"You don't know your daytime TV soap operas," he said. "You can be a fully fledged lawyer in two weeks. I'll probably be a physician or a surgeon in six weeks, especially as I have seen the light, am going straight now, and being rehabilitated fast."

Matthaei went to Yale and is a Bachelor of Arts, and also has a degree in business administration.

His wife, Gay, this week is expecting their third child.

They already have two daughters, Marcella, 9, and Leslie, 6.

Matthaei had two giant toy koalas for the girls, and a toy for the expected baby — a platypus that plays "Waltzing Matilda" when you pick it up.

Matthaei is the direct opposite of the aloof old-time movie star. He lives in New York, where "As the World Turns" is made, and rides round on a light motor-cycle.

"It's the only thing to manoeuvre quickly in New York's traffic," he said.

Matthaei is sold on Australia and is anxious to come back for the opening of "Journey Out Of Darkness."

"Whether I get back to Australia in June depends on the importance of my subplot in 'As the World Turns' at that time," he said.

Maybe Matthaei could have a couple of weeks' specialist training at an Australian hospital at that time.

I hope so.

(Advertisement)



The Priceless Asset of a Beautiful Complexion

TODAY every woman is heirless to a beautiful complexion. This priceless asset has almost become her birthright, due to the tremendous advances of cosmetic science and in particular the discovery of a tropical moist oil which has the ability to influence the balanced functioning of the skin cells and to establish long-term perfection for the complexion.

Under ordinary circumstances, most skins fall prey to climatic conditions. In common with complexions the world over, the average skin of the woman living in Australia will also become affected by unfavorable weather hazards and the inexorable passage of time.

Skin cell production, which occurs so spontaneously in childhood, slows down considerably during the advancement towards maturity and the complexion benefits tremendously from the stimulating, supplementary values provided by this tropical beauty fluid that encourages the retention of radiant health and youthful beauty.

The skin, which until recently was predisposed to become devitalized, slackened and aged can now suddenly enjoy the recreation of conditions under which it thrived and blossomed in fullest glory during the youthful years.

The fluid density of this revitalizing moist oil exerts an isotonic pressure sufficient to enable it to sink into the skin rather than ride ineffectually on the

surface. In addition it has unique "peeled" characteristics and does not contain the sealing elements present in ordinary oils, so that there is never any absorption difficulty. The importance of this aspect is graphically illustrated when a rose quickly withers and dies if its stem is coated with ordinary oil before it is placed in water, but with this isotonic oil the complexion is able to absorb all the nourishment needed for a velvety skin texture.

The flower-like bloom of your lovely complexion depends on a plentiful supply of moisture for the plasma colloids, the skin's water carriers which, when dry, cause river-beds of eroded cells to show on the face in the form of wrinkles. The moist oil stimulates and replenishes the plasma colloids from within, and has a hygroscopic ability to attract and draw in moisture from the air, rounding out the skin fluid cells to promote an exquisite, dewy bloom on the complexion.

The moist oil is known in Britain as oil of Ulay, in America and other parts of the world as oil of Olav. In Australia it is available from chemists as oil of Ulan. Smooth it over your face and neck each night and use it as you would a powder base by day. It is the truly remarkable solution to any complexion problem and the wonderful means whereby every woman can inherit a flawlessly beautiful complexion for a lifetime.

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the week

Momma once said when we were discussing the good and bad points of television: "I think it's a marvellous medium. What a blessing it must be to farmers and their wives whose nearest neighbor or town is probably 70 miles away. They can see sporting events and movies and the news and realise they're not as isolated as they think. It's also a solace to the sick or the lonely, who look on at their only friend — especially older people." But consider this . . .

MOMMA'S MORAL: A television station is the only asylum that's run by its inmates.

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READ TV TIMES FOR
FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 15, 1967

Page 17

i. Sportscraft's Highland 'Go-Together Game' Everything matches. Everything here pure new wool and gaberdine. Starts with a slack suit. Pocket's a-slant. The jacket fitted and buttoned high. Try it on, but be careful. Once you start you'll never stop. Jacket: \$21.00. Slacks: \$16.50.
 ii. Now you're hooked on Aberdeen Gaberdine.

The double-breasted suit does the pretty work. Stitched and banded with gentle lapels and the full military bit: \$48.50. If your eyes go misty blame the pure new wool.
 iii. You see the trap. There's no end to it. This time a cunning coat dress with pockets hidden in its crisp side seams. Very MacMilitary and

\$44.00. You close your eyes: plunge in deeper.
 iv. Now it's done. You can't live without gaberdine. This time: a simple shirt dress with buttons like brass and rolling "Stone" colour: \$31.50. You're completely spoiled. And on the way to a nice rich husband Pure new wool gaberdine by **Classweave**

Start here for Aberdeen Gaberdines

Look out! Everything matches in pure new wool.



gaberdine by **Classweave** PURE NEW WOOL



Where does it stop!
 Where? Where?

THE LOOK OF SPORTSCRAFT

DARLING HUSBAND!

AS pointed out by "Worker's Holiday," husbands do occasionally supply us with ironical laughs. I was very pleased with my day's work, which included washing and ironing, making a big batch of plum jam and chutney, a heap of patching, window-cleaning, and some weeding and cleaning up in the garden. Over a baked tea, I recounted my accomplishments. My husband looked up and said, "I don't suppose you thought to spray the tomatoes for me?" It must have been the look in my eye, for he hastily added, "No, I suppose not. You'd have rested in the afternoon."

\$2 to O.T. (name supplied), Taree, N.S.W.

WHEN we moved a while back, we tried to lighten our load by discarding old clothes, magazines, photographs, etc. I tried to sneak in a few photos taken when we were first married, but my husband said, "Don't keep any trash, let's get rid of the lot," and took out a great armful to be incinerated. In a few minutes my man came back, looking lovingly at a photo, and remarked, "We can't throw this one out." Oh, I thought, he is sentimental, after all. But no. It was one of him taken by a patch of 10ft.-high sunflowers. "Won't have any proof of my ten-footers without this," he said.

\$2 to "Tartan" (name supplied), Henley Beach, SA.

TO assist my husband pay off a business, we decided I should continue working to "keep" us. Consequently there is little left over for clothes. As I left for work one morning, wearing my only good suit for the third day running, my husband said in a generous tone, "Darling, I realise how much you would like some new clothes. When the business is paid off you can keep working and have all your money for yourself."

\$2 to Mrs. D. M. Smith, North Sydney.

ON holidays at a friend's shack in an orchard, I, six months pregnant, felt faint from the intense heat. My husband, alarmed, said he'd help me off the hot veranda to the shady trees. "Don't faint yet, dear," he implored, "wait till I fix this rickety step." Then when I'd come round, he observed, "Gosh, your white face showed up your freckles. I didn't know you had so many." Nice solace for a bride of 12 months!

\$2 to "Freckles" (name supplied), Randwick, N.S.W.

AFTER I had finished the washing-up one cold morning, my husband asked me to make some toast and jam for him. I had to get everything out again, feeling rather mad, but I made it and took it into him. He had one bite, and told me it was cold. "But I've just made it," I said. "I know," he said, "but you forgot to warm the jam."

\$2 to Mrs. Toni Tripley, Gilles Plains, SA.



LETTER BOX

Little boy hurt

AT times in our children's lives we expect jealousy to occur (for instance, at the arrival of a new baby), and take steps to minimise it. But often in other situations we fail to realise that jealousy is at the bottom of bad behaviour. It took us some time to realise that the naughtiness of our formerly well-behaved three-year-old was caused by jealousy of his brother starting school and so getting extra attention, new clothes, schoolbag, etc. We had been so busy ensuring that the five-year-old would look forward to school that we'd made his brother feel he was being missed out.

\$2 to Mrs. Maurcen M. Luke, West Tamworth, N.S.W.

Down-to-earth lessons

I READ with interest the letter about correspondence school or evening classes for the woman who needs an interest when her family has grown up and time is available. I have studied English literature and the art of flower arrangement. My wish is that I might join a class to learn the art of cementing, carpentry, and soldering! Then I could make come true my dreams of cement paths, patios, etc., and fix that hole in the bucket.

\$2 to "Why Not?" (name supplied), Ayr, Qld.

Respect for cortege

IT is said we are not aware of faults in the community until they affect us personally. Those of us who were part of a funeral cortege were shocked at the number of drivers who did their best to cut in, the people who leaped across the road in front of the hearse, and witless women who, in shrill voice, pointed out the vehicles to their tiny tots. God bless the four respectful men who, in a five-mile journey, removed their hats. The mourners' misery is great enough at the time. Please respect the funeral procession enough to be quiet as it passes.

\$2 to N.F.A. (name supplied), Riverton, W.A.

Budgeting for those school books

MANY mothers are now recovering from the stunning blow of equipping their son or daughter for secondary school. If you have a child in the sixth form at primary school this year, NOW is the time to start a fund toward the inevitable expenses you will be faced with next January. Even \$1 a week faithfully put aside will give you about \$40 by the end of the year. Take your child into your confidence, giving him or her the money to look after in a special account. This will serve the double purpose of teaching the child to save for something needed in the future and of easing a financial burden.

\$2 to "Mrs. M." (name supplied), Marks Point, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE FIDGETS

"FIDGETY PHIL couldn't sit still."

It's an old rhyme, but there are still many Fidgety Phyls (and Phyllises) among us.

Some of them, like the original Philip, indulge their hobby at the table.

We have one at our place who goes in for a peculiar kind of constructive fidgeting. He will balance a saucer on top of a milk bottle, then put a salt cellar on the saucer and a spoon on top of that, until—crash.

The age-old anti-Phil cry goes up: "Don't fidget!"

The essence of fidgeting, as the poem about Phil makes clear, is a reluctance to sit still.

Present-day fidgets often show their dislike of the sitting position by lying on the floor. Hence the notorious practice of telephone sprawling.

Phone sprawlers are mostly young and female. I saw one in action recently, and it was a remarkable sight.

When she answered the phone it was on a desk, and she sat on a chair. Gradually she slithered to



the floor, bringing the phone with her.

While talking she coiled herself around it like a snake. Then she uncoiled and writhed toward the wall.

The conversation had reached an interesting stage: "I told Jennifer this boy was a creep but she wouldn't listen. Then he fanged off in his

car and left her halfway through the barbecue."

The sprawler now pushed her feet slowly up the wall, until she was almost standing on her head. At that point I went out, so I cannot record any further contortions.

Another Fidgety Phyllis of my acquaintance is most active while watching television. Her particular routine is stool-juggling.

The other night she sat on the sofa to watch an Adults Only movie. Her feet were resting on a stool.

After a while, still gazing at the screen, she wrapped her feet inside the stool and lifted it off the ground.

She then lay on the sofa and, gripping the stool with her feet, raised it above her head.

It was a tense moment in the movie (the heroine had just lost her memory). Suddenly Fidgety Phyl lost her balance and fell off the sofa, stool and all.

One thing you must say for these sprawling fidgets. They have to be physically elastic and fit.

I never have any desire to lie on the floor of my office when answering the telephone, or to hoist stools with my feet while watching TV. I'm too stiff.



A nice hot cup of tea

● In factories and offices of the future, tea will be piped from a central source to various outlets, said the chairman of a Tea Council symposium in London. New production techniques could rule out the traditional ten-minute tea break, he said.

For those who drink a lot of tea,
Which goes, if not for you, for me,
We like the ritual because
It gives from work a welcome pause;
We warm the pot and make the brew,
Letting it stand, but not to stew.
We like the beverage and as well
We do enjoy that little spell,
Some social chat, a cigarette —
So consequently don't forget
We're grateful for a drink — but, cripes,
We like our tea from pots, not pipes.

— Dorothy Drain

The crowning joy of a car

AT tennis the women were discussing the various makes of family cars, and their own preferences. One said, "I couldn't care less about color, size, or make, so long as it is paid for, has wheels and goes, and my husband invites me to go with him when he's in it."

\$2 to "Bonita" (name supplied), Attadale, W.A.

Keep your vision unspotted

I WONDER if the writer of the letter about cleaning windows has ever heard this old adage often quoted by my grandmother? It was: "Remove the fly-specks from your own window-panes and you won't see so many on your neighbor's." It is very true.

\$2 to Mrs. S. Hingston, Nambour, Qld.

Advertisement

New Powerful Insecticide is Guaranteed Safe

There is now available in Australia an insecticide totally effective against all insect pests, that is guaranteed safe, as it does not contain any poisonous active ingredient to harm the lungs and delicate tissue.

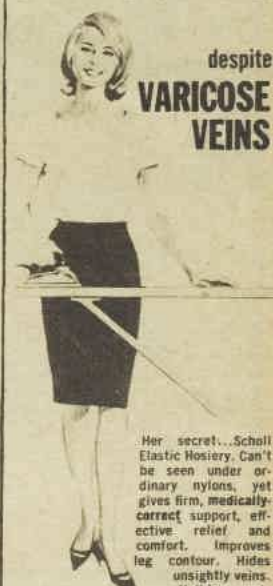
This means that it can be sprayed with complete safety near food or where food is stored and near children and pets.

Survival of insect pests is not possible, because the powerful fume action of the Pea-Bu insecticide penetrates deep into remote corners and crevices killing all insect pests on contact, an action described by one observer "as if by an electric shock." No insect is immune to its deadly action.

Pea-Bu contains the safest of all insect killing ingredients known, yet the strongest, most effective killing substances to all insect pests.

Supplies of the safe powerful Pea-Bu aerosol insecticide is available at chemists and leading stores.

active, attractive



despite VARICOSE VEINS

Her secret...Scholl Elastic Hosiery. Can't be seen under ordinary nylons, yet gives firm, medically-correct support, effective relief and comfort. Improves leg contour. Hides unsightly veins. Nothing equals Exclusive "Soft-Grip" top and instep eliminate constriction. All fittings available in either nylon or elastic yarn.

Scholl Soft Grip ELASTIC HOSIERY FROM CHEMISTS, STORES AND SCHOLL BRANCHES

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New Skylines. The sort of shoes to kick you on

Mix a giggle. Rave colour combos in the real thing. Soft year for more suede and kid. Calf and patent. Blunty toes, whimsy trims. Sexy cut-outs revealing real live foot. All under ten dollars. (Would ya believe nine ninety-five?) At your favourite store.

Skyline **\$9.95**
by *Clarks*

COLOR RUNS RIOT FOR AUTUMN



● Louis Feraud's evening shift (above) allies a trio of colors arranged in deep bands of yellow, tangerine, and orange. The dress has a high neck and exposed shoulders. Note the dangling earrings. These were the most "seen" earrings in the autumn collections.



● Patou's grass-green suit (above) is made in wool tweed. The rounded cap and matching turtle-neck blouse are in the same green as the suit. The swinging jacket is double fastened and finished with side pockets. The skirt has a wide inverted front pleat.

● The trio of fashions (below) are from the Cardin autumn-winter collection. From left: Red coat worn with red stockings and red flat-heeled shoes; red wool dress with a high neckline; red side-buttoned suit worn with black stockings and black shoes.

COLOR has a terrific impact in autumn fashions — it's the year to forget neutrals and go all out for brilliance.

Red runs riot, from guardsman red to a deep oriental ruby. The greens are sensational. Grass-green is newest, but don't forget lime and acid. Then there are lots of zesty tangerines, purples, and hot Indian yellow.

Red stockings and black stockings look chic. So do various shades of pinks and yellows. Paris has already announced the importance of the colored leg for spring. So watch it!

About clothes in general, the skirt line is short; it is seldom below knee-level. The shift, often with a widened silhouette, is still with us, necklines have a muffled look, hats are made in dress fabric, the pants-suit is established.

Broadly speaking, fashions are amusing and slightly spoofy for the young — but elegance is still available.

— BETTY KEEP

Continued overleaf



Next weekend try something new in your Kodak Instamatic camera. Try colour!



Colour makes your pictures live. In prints and slides.

You've used black-and-white film in your camera . . . now see how much better your memories are in brilliant living colour. You have a choice of two famous Kodak films — both in instant-loading cartridges. For brilliant crisp colour prints use Kodacolor-X film (Kodacolor negatives will also give you superb colour enlargements for framing). For sparkling colour slides that project brilliantly in life size, load your camera with Kodachrome-X film. Both films can be used outdoors, or indoors with flash. Your Kodak Instamatic camera is a versatile performer. Give it a chance to capture colour for you — this coming weekend. Buy your Kodacolor-X and Kodachrome-X films from chemists and Kodak dealers everywhere.

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HOW TO LOAD A 'KODAK INSTAMATIC' CAMERA



COLOR RUNS RIOT FOR AUTUMN

Continued from page 21



● Ted Lapidus designed the two pants suits (left) made in tangerine and grass-green wool. The suits are worn with zany helmet hats finished with visors and wide chinstraps. The long-line jackets are both double-breasted; the pants are straight-cut and easy.

● Dior's loose-cut chiffon shift (right) worn over a multicolored sheath embroidered in splashes of colored sequins. The shift has a high, round neckline and wide-to-the-wrist sleeves. Note the ankle-strapped shoes in silver kid; they're hot news for autumn.



● Wavy bands of color give a very new look to the two A-line shifts below. The helmet hats, made in colored felt, are worn with ear-covering scarves. This muffled-at-the-neckline look is very new in current fashion; and so, too, is the chic colored stocking.



**The patterned wools.
Stripes, checks,
geometrics.
A new look,
a womanly elegance
that depends on
pure new wool**

Fashion can't be frantic forever. This year it reaches a new maturity. A softer, more feminine feeling that starts with softly textured patterned wool fabrics and goes all the way to a more elegant tailored line. (Example: Burda's long-line checked suit, far right.)

You'll find all the best new clothes are in pure new wool.

There's a good reason.

The new look needs fabrics that will tailor well, hold their feminine shapes. Only wool has the natural body, the assurance to bring it off. Nothing else is good enough.



**Pierre Cardin says,
'wool is the
heart and soul of
beautiful clothes'.**

Pierre Cardin is the famous French Couturier.

Each season his Paris collection astonishes the world, each season he chooses pure new wool.

Pierre Cardin knows that nothing will tailor as well as pure new wool, nothing else will keep its original, beautiful shape so well.

Pure new wool has a special magic all of its own. It's the real thing.

wool in full swing

Look for the international symbol of the world's best . . . pure new wool.



PURE NEW WOOL

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 15, 1967



Everything this year is much more womanly. Example: the evening coat by Trent (winner of a Supreme Wool Award). Styles like these need the natural grace and feeling only wool can offer.



The patterned wools make co-ordination an easy business. Manufacturers like Redex (above) make special co-ordinating outfits with plaids and plains that can be mixed and matched. The garments above won Wool Awards.

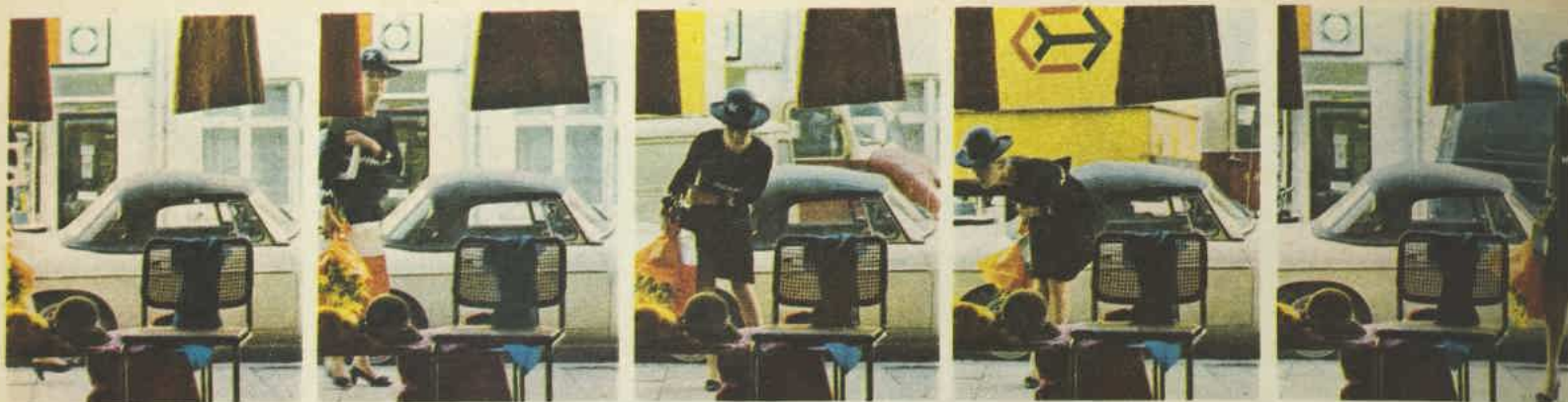


The new wool fabrics: plaids, geometrics, double-faced. Champs Elysees used the yellow/white plaid to create the co-ordinating coat and dress on the left. Jonathan Crawford approaches the same idea with a double-faced purple checked fabric. Uses one side for the coat, the other for the dress.



PATRICK RUSSELL

AUSTRALIAN WOOL BOARD 6294



Under a James Wedge hat, your face (from afar) can get away with murder

but zoom into close-up



-and thank goodness for Innox
Jewelfast Lipsticks.

Not even a hat can save you . . . in close-up. People notice, ruthlessly, if the lipstick is smooth and even; if it is fashionable and colour-true. So it's better to wear Innox. Innox touches your lips with intense, transparent brilliance . . . never ever changes colour . . . takes the close-up test *much* better. In 26 fashionable colours, with harmonising nail enamel (in both regular and frosted shades.)

INNOXA
jewelfast lipstick and
harmonising nail enamels



Rescue mission

IN the vast sweep of sun-soaked sky, the only clouds visible were drifting cumulus masses. The breeze was fresh and welcome. The few thin palm trees which had been planted around the modest terminal building leaned slightly farther than normal away from the wind, but that was all.

Robert Galloway stood well out in the open on the loading ramp with his back to the single maintenance hangar, which was little more than a fair-sized steel shell, and from the force of long habit lifted his face toward the sky while he listened intently to the sounds of the early afternoon.

He heard the familiar pounding of the surf against the heavy rocks which formed the artificial shoreline behind the parking area; he listened to its long-drawn-out rhythm and detected the slight change which had taken place since early morning.

He heard the occasional rattle of one of the panels which made up the hangar walls and the sound of the wind as it gathered into occasional gusts and swept up tiny dust eddies along the taxiway which led to the single five-thousand-foot runway.

He ignored the heat to which long years in the Caribbean had accustomed him. He excluded from his consciousness everything but his sense of hearing and concentrated almost fiercely on interpreting the sounds around him. Everything he had worked for for almost thirty years hung on those sounds, and the way he read them would dictate the decisions which he would have to make.

When he had stood for almost ten minutes bareheaded in the burning sun, he turned and began to walk slowly back toward the terminal. In a sense it was his terminal, since it was through his almost single-handed efforts that it had been built. He had sketched the original plans. He had even included the palm trees, which added the only note of glamor to the otherwise severely practical building.

There had been little enough money as it was and he had channelled practically all of it into strictly functional purposes for the difficult business of operating a shoestring airline.

To page 54

Opening instalment of a new three-part serial by John Ball

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 15, 1967

Listening all the time to the rising wind, Galloway and his men worked feverishly on through the night.

Page 27

AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

• A weekly series
by Bill Beatty

CLONTARF today is a popular picnic and bathing resort with suburban houses closing in on its bushland.

Picture by staff photographer Ron Berg.

March 12

1688 Dampier sailed from King Sound, Western Australia, after a stay of two months, during which the *Cygnets* was careened.

1857 Hobart first lit by gas.

1868 Duke of Edinburgh shot at Clontarf, Sydney harborside resort. Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, visited Australia between October, 1867, and April, 1868. He was 23; the first member of the British royal family to come to Australia. He toured all the colonies except Western Australia. While at Clontarf a mentally unbalanced Irishman, named O'Farrell, fired a gun at him at close range, wounding him slightly in the back. After arrest and conviction, O'Farrell was hanged.

1875 The schooner *Euroka*, of Sydney, was wrecked and all hands lost off the Sandon River on the north coast of New South Wales.

March 13

1827 Death of Richard Johnson, first clergyman and pioneer farmer of Australia. This mild and kindly clergyman, who was chaplain to the settlement, was dubbed "the Bishop of Botany Bay." When he left for Australia, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge gave him 4200 books to console and uplift their fallen readers. Of those books which they presumably expected would be in heaviest demand they obligingly supplied bulk lots. There were 200 copies of "Exercises Against Lying," 100 of "Dissuasions from Stealing," 100 copies of "Exhortations to Chastity," and 50 of Woodward's "Caution to Swearers." Johnson did much good work, but received little or no encouragement from Governor Phillip.

1860 The Victorian pugilist Tom Curran defeated Harry Sellers for the championship of Australia. The contest lasted for two and a half hours for a \$1200 wager.

March 14

1762 Birth of Margaret Catchpole, pioneer settler. Margaret arrived in Australia as a convict. She stole a horse from the stables of her employer and rode it to London, where she tried to sell it. She was sentenced to death. The sentence was commuted to transportation for life. She was assigned as cook and laundress to the Commissary Palmer and his family living at Woolloomooloo. She never married — though one suitor was the brilliant young botanist George Cayley, sent to Australia as plant-collector by Sir Joseph Banks. In her middle-age she worked as a nurse and midwife in the Hawkesbury district. When the terrible floods of 1806 devastated the Hawkesbury flats she was a gallant figure in the rescue work. She died at her home at Richmond Hill, where her little slab cottage is still in existence. She was buried in St. Peter's Churchyard at Richmond.

1911 University of Queensland opened. The original building was a former Government House. In 1926 Dr. J. Mayne and Miss Mary Mayne gave 223 acres at St. Lucia as a permanent site for the university, where it is now established. Afterwards they gave more than \$400,000 for Chairs of Medicine and Surgery. Sir Samuel McCaughey donated \$456,000 for general purposes.

March 15

1830 The first civil jury in the Supreme Court, Sydney, dealt with a libel action concerning Edward Smith Hall, of the "Monitor" newspaper.



1889 HMS *Calliope* saved in Samoan hurricane. She was the only ship to escape from Apia Harbor, where three United States and three German naval ships were wrecked and 130 lives lost.

1901 First meeting of the Royal Australian Historical Society in Sydney.

March 16

1774 Birth of Matthew Flinders. Flinders entered the Navy as a midshipman. Later he sailed with Bligh on HMS *Providence* and distinguished himself in the preparation of charts and scientific observations. When Governor Hunter was leaving England to take office in New South Wales, Flinders sailed with him. In the new colony he soon distinguished himself as an explorer, first with Bass in the tiny *Tom Thumb* and afterward in circumnavigating the continent in the *Investigator*. A leaky ship on the way home to England compelled him to make for the Ile de France (Mauritius), where he was imprisoned, England and France being then at war. On his release and return to England he spent the remainder of his life chiefly in writing his book, "A Voyage to Terra Australis." It was in this book that he suggested the name Australia should be used for the continent.

1877 Death of Archbishop Polding, first bishop of the Roman Catholic Church in Australia. John Bede Polding arrived when transportation was ending, free im-

migration increasing, and much territory being opened up for settlement. He became a missionary bishop, travelling widely and devoting much time to making personal contact with the prisoners.

1914 The Exeter mail train disaster. The train for Temora, N.S.W., passed the stop signal and collided with a goods train backing into a crossing loop. Fourteen people were killed and 32 injured.

March 17

1825 First St. Patrick's Day races in Australia. The sports meeting was held on a racecourse alongside Old South Head Road, Bellevue Hill, Sydney. It was inaugurated by the Hibernians.

1839 Captain Thomas Watson in the schooner *Essington* left Australia to rescue Joseph Forbes. Taken prisoner by Malay pirates, Forbes had been held in captivity for fourteen years. He was a cabin-boy in the *Stedcombe* which left North Australia in 1825 to secure supplies for the settlement on Melville Island. The vessel was attacked by Malay pirates. All on board were killed except Forbes and another cabin-boy who died four years later. Hearing that an Englishman was being held prisoner on Timorlaut Captain Watson anchored off the island, coaxed the native chief on board, and held him as hostage for the captive. When Forbes was returned, his body was covered with scars and burns and he could scarcely

walk. In each ear he wore a piece of bamboo, an inch in diameter. His long, fair hair was tied up in Malay fashion with a comb of bamboo. He had his tresses cut off and presented them to his rescuer. Returned to Sydney, Forbes, known as "Timor Joe," later became a fisherman at Williamstown, Victoria. Watson's Bay, Sydney, was named after Captain Watson.

March 18

1825 The Sydney Turf Club formed. It was equally well known as the Australian Turf Club, and was the first racing club in Australia. With the Governor (Sir Thomas Brisbane) as patron, it held its first race meeting the following month.

1829 Wreck of the Governor *Ready* in Torres Strait, on a voyage from Sydney to Batavia. The crew took to three boats and reached Timor after 14 days, having sailed 1500 miles with no loss of life.

1874 John Forrest left Perth for the overland telegraph, a distance of 2700 miles. Four years earlier he led an expedition from Perth along the Great Australian Bight to Adelaide. He was also given charge of an expedition into the interior to search for the missing explorer Leichhardt. For these services Forrest received many honors and was granted 5000 acres by the Imperial authorities. In 1918 — the year of his death — he received a peerage, the first native-born Australian to be so honored.

We talk quite a lot about meat-keeping, don't we.



FROST-FREE FRESH MEAT FOR 7 DAYS

Imagine a meat-keeper that works just like your butcher's own coolroom and keeps your meat just as full-flavoured and fresh. Westinghouse alone has it. This specially refrigerated compartment keeps your meat fresh, juicy, tasty, for a whole seven days and always ready to cook because it's

not frozen. Fan-forced air, at a controlled low temperature, continuously flows around the porcelain enamel meat-keeper—just as it circulates in your butcher's coolroom—and preserves the meat weight that is usually lost in "thawed out" frozen meat.

Don't you?

Someone had to start something new in refrigerators.

Something bigger than just another face-lift. Someone had to start thinking about the most precious of all your foods—your meat. The most difficult of all foods to keep just the way you bought it—tender-fresh and unfrozen.

Westinghouse, not content with producing the first completely frost-free refrigerator, thought quite a lot about your meat-keeping needs. That's how Australia's first and only complete food-keeper started. The new frost-free Westinghouse will probably change your shopping habits. (With the Westinghouse 7-day fresh meat-keeper you have so much extra room for other foods in the deep-freeze compartment.)

If you think about it you'll understand why we like to refer to our big, new, frost-free Westinghouse as a food-keeper and not just another refrigerator.

STEP AHEAD WITH
Westinghouse
THEY'RE ALWAYS STARTING SOMETHING



ROUND THE WORLD IN 137 DAYS

For \$1708, a carefree leisurely voyage to Asia, America, the U.K., and Europe

● This week we announce the third of our great World Discovery Tours, to start in January, 1968.

The fabulous new cruise-tour includes 20 exciting weeks (22 weeks for New Zealanders) of round-the-world travel by sea and land, with no worries about accommodation, language barriers, sightseeing plans, or Customs formalities.

For a basic tour price of only \$A1708 (£N.Z.716-\$N.Z.1432) you will visit 19 countries by coach and ship and see for yourself some of the world's most fascinating cities and places.

THIS fabulous tour was designed by travel experts, at World Travel Headquarters, with one idea in mind—to give the best value for round-the-world travel at a price you can afford without lowering the high standard demanded by the operators.

Following the outstanding success of our two previous tours, we offer readers the benefit of experience gained from these wonderful tours and painstaking personal research into facilities for tourists and hotels in both the Continent and the United Kingdom.

The *Orcades* calls at Fremantle on January 16, 1968, to pick up passengers, and after a stop at Melbourne, continues on to Sydney, where Western Australian passengers have the choice of temporarily disembarking or taking advantage of the 10-

day voyage, Sydney-Wellington-Melbourne-Sydney, at a small additional charge.

New Zealand passengers join the ship at Wellington on January 27.

South Australians and Victorians join the *Orcades* in Melbourne on January 30, and on February 4 the ship picks up the New South Wales and remaining Western Australian passengers in Sydney.

On February 6-7 we make our last stop in Australia at Brisbane.

In our tour of the Orient, the *Orcades* will call first at Guam, a tropical island in the North Pacific, well-remembered from World War II.

The next stop is Kobe, on Japan's Inland Sea. Here you have the choice of a full day's sightseeing or else taking one of the several optional three-day overland excursions to Tokyo, via Kyoto, with its Imperial Palace and Golden Pavilion, rejoining the ship at Yokohama, the seaport of Tokyo.

The whole of the P & O liner *Orcades* has been reserved for the voyage to Japan, America, and Europe, following a specially chosen route via Panama which gives passengers a chance to visit ports never before included in normal shipping runs.

Tour members have the run of the ship and a booking choice, for those who are early, of more than 1400 berths on this one-class liner.

The return trip, through the blue Mediterranean, is just as exciting and takes in Greece. That voyage will be made by the super-liner *Canberra*, with all of the tourist class for our use.

There is ample time to explore Tokyo, and to experience for yourself the gracious hospitality extended to visitors to Japan. There's so much to see and do.

From Japan your liner crosses the Pacific to Honolulu on the Hawaiian island of Oahu with its famous Diamond Head and Waikiki Beach. This makes a fascinating port of call before heading for the American mainland at Los Angeles, where you can visit Hollywood (and perhaps see a favorite film star) or Disneyland, as both places are easily accessible by coach.

Then it is on to Acapulco, the beautiful Mexican resort set in a bay surrounded by mountains, before heading to Balboa, city of orchids and gateway to the Panama Canal.

The liner passes through the giant locks to the port of Cristobal and then to Miami, Florida's playground of American millionaires.

There's time for you to tour Miami, with its luxury hotels, beaches, and fabulous skyline. You can visit the Seaquarium or Parrot Jungles, or choose an excursion and make the most of your last day in North America before heading out into the Atlantic.

Next is the beautiful Portuguese island of Madeira, with its port town of Funchal. You have time to see its famous lace and vineyards.

The *Orcades* arrives at Tilbury, England, on March 21, ending the first phase of your trip. You can now look forward to several days touring London, with all the glimpses of its history-packed past, before setting off on a 23-day Continental coach tour.

Starting at Brussels, you travel through Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Liechtenstein, Austria, Italy, Monaco, and France, seeing Europe through the big picture windows of luxuriously comfortable motor coaches designed to give maximum viewing.

The tour will be leisurely, with frequent stops for photography and to let you explore the many places of interest.

You spend two days and three nights in Paris, two days and three nights in Rome, and a further two nights at Florence and Nice on the Riviera, with a visit to Monte Carlo.

A leisurely but interest-packed tour of England and Scotland is included in your round-the-world tour, with two days and two

nights in Edinburgh and ample time to see other famous places you've so often longed to visit.

The experienced planners of this tour realise that most people prefer some time to themselves—to wander, to browse through shops, to visit friends. So there is an "a leisure in London" period of 23 days, at your own expense, included in your tour.

During this time you make your own fun and if accommodation is required in London this is available to tour members at a specially reduced rate. Or you can take any of a number of keenly priced charter tours (specially arranged for The Australian Women's Weekly Tour group) to the Scandinavian countries, Spain, the tulip fields of Holland in spring, Ireland, Devon, and Cornwall, varying from six to 14 days.

Your return journey in the mighty *Canberra* is through the sunny Mediterranean calling first at Gibraltar and going on to Piraeus, the port of Athens.

Then it is through the Suez Canal, with calls at Port Said and Aden, to Colombo and Singapore, where there are excellent opportunities for last-minute duty-free shopping.

The *Canberra* calls at Fremantle on June 15 and Western Australian passengers disembark. Victorians and South Australians leave the ship at Melbourne on June 18 and Queensland and New South Wales passengers disembark at Sydney on June 20, before the *Canberra* heads to Auckland to conclude the tour for New Zealanders on June 26.

NEXT WEEK the full, detailed itinerary will be published.

HOW TO BOOK

New South Wales—A.C.T.: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., 33-35 Bligh Street, Sydney. Telephone 28-4841.

Northern N.S.W.: Jayes Travel Service Pty. Ltd., 285 Hunter Street, Newcastle. Telephone 2-5191.

Victoria—Tasmania: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., C.M.L. Building, 330 Collins Street, Melbourne. Telephone 67-7481.

Queensland—Northern Territory—New Guinea: Universal Travel Company, 92 Creek Street, Brisbane. Telephone 2-3008.

South Australia: King's Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 30 Currie Street, Adelaide. Telephone 51-2146.

Western Australia: Wesfarmers Travel Service, 569 Wellington Street and 14 Terrace Arcade, Perth. Telephone 21-0191.

New Zealand: Russell & Somers Limited, 83 Customs Street East, Auckland. Telephone 2-0959.

London Offices: Milbanke House, 104 New Bond Street, London, W.1., England. Telephone HYDe Park 8494, GROsvenor 7221.

—OR SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.

Your \$A1708 (£N.Z.716) covers:

● Shipboard accommodation in four-berth cabins in the *Orcades* and tourist four-berth cabins in the *Canberra*.

● *Oriana* passengers returning on April 26, 1968: By special arrangement superior two-berth cabins are held on this sailing, extra charges for which are reduced by \$A40 (£N.Z.16-\$N.Z.32) in lieu of unused hotel accommodation in London. As a result, supplementary charges for superior two-berth cabins on this sailing are only \$A54 (£N.Z.22-\$N.Z.44), and cabins with private shower and toilet are \$A100 (£N.Z.40-\$N.Z.80). New Zealand passengers have the option of continuing to Auckland by the *Oriana* from Sydney on June 4.

● European tour, full-board accommodation comprising Continental breakfast, lunch, and dinner, all table d'hôte, inclusive of tips, taxes, service charges, excursions as in itinerary, and services of bilingual courier.

● United Kingdom tour (escorted), full-board accommodation (table d'hôte), afternoon teas, service charges, specified sightseeing. Private bathrooms may be reserved, when available, for an extra charge.

● Sightseeing in London, as in itinerary.

● London accommodation at well-situated hotels, including breakfast, dinner (table d'hôte), and service charges for 13 nights. (Accommodation: double rooms without baths on European and U.K. tours and in London Single rooms and room with bath or shower may be booked ahead for a small charge.)

● Transfers on arrivals and departures when part of the tour itinerary.

● Portage of one average-size suitcase per person on European and U.K. tours; two average-size suitcases per person on initial arrival and final departure from United Kingdom.

● Tour director will accompany the group from Sydney to the U.K. in the *Orcades* and from the United Kingdom to Sydney in the *Canberra*, while tour staff will return in the *Oriana*. The director or his representatives will be available in London to ensure an efficient tour operation.

NOT INCLUDED:

● Coffees, teas, alcoholic beverages, mineral waters, baths, or showers at European hotels, lunches during London stay, and accommodation or any additional tours during the 23-day own-expense leisure period in London.

(Excellent London hotel accommodation is available at specially reduced rates, daily, per person, including breakfast. All requests for such accommodation must be received by November 24, 1967, from Australian passengers and by November 17 from New Zealanders to qualify for this reduced rate.)

● Excursions at ports of call en route; additional sightseeing on tour, launch tickets between ship and shore at various ports of call.

● Personal and baggage insurance, passports, and other necessary travel documents, although not included in tour cost, will be arranged as a free service.

● All items of a personal nature—excess baggage, room service charges, laundry, telephone calls, etc.

● Overland journeys where necessary between Perth, Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

CHOICE OF EARLY RETURN

SOME people may not be able to spare the time or afford the extra cost of the 23-day "at leisure" period in London and would like to return home earlier than in the *Canberra* in June.

To meet this need, accommodation has been reserved in the *Oriana*, sailing from England on April 26, 1968, calling at Piraeus (Athens' port), Port Said, Aden, Singapore, Fremantle (May 17), Melbourne (May 20), and Sydney (May 21.)

New Zealand passengers may fly on from Sydney at a small extra cost, or wait for the *Oriana*, which leaves on June 4 for Auckland.

To compensate for the reduced time in London, a reduction of \$A40 (£N.Z.16-\$N.Z.32) will apply to extra charges for improved cabin accommodation on the return sailing.

If you would like to take advantage of this alternative return, you must advise your travel agent when making your tour reservation.

You'll never forget a tour that makes it possible for you to visit these exotic places—and many, many others



CALIFORNIA

Both Disneyland and Hollywood are easily accessible from Los Angeles, a port of call. This picture shows a pirate ship at Disneyland.



MADEIRA

Street scene with bullock sleigh in the port of Funchal. The liner calls at this beautiful Portuguese island on the way across the Atlantic.

HAWAII

Famous Diamond Head. When the Orcades calls at Honolulu there will be a full day ashore for excursions to Waikiki and lush Oahu.



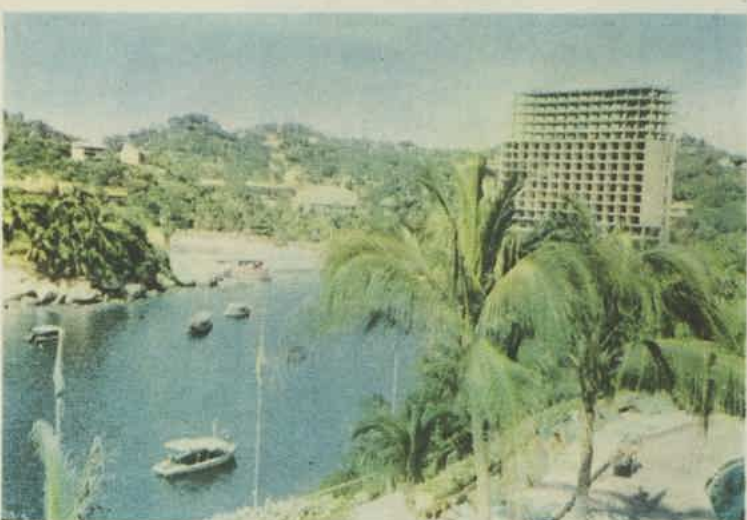
FLORIDA

One of the famous avenues of palms at Miami, playground of wealthy Americans. There'll be time here for some fascinating shore excursions.



JAPAN

A temple at Kyoto, one of the most beautiful places in all Japan. Tourists may travel overland through here, pausing on the way to Tokyo.

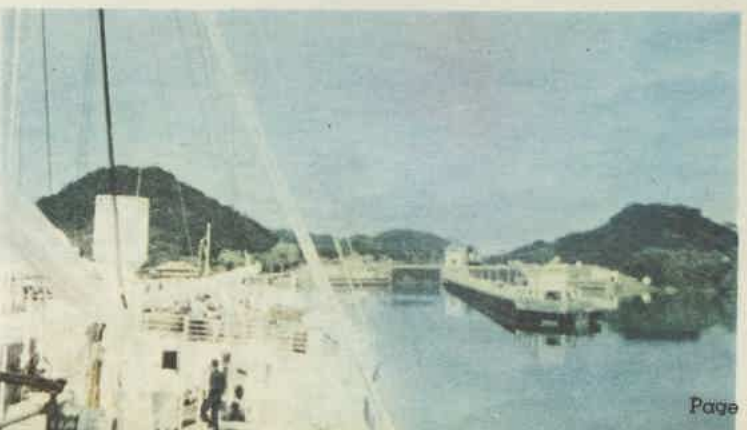


MEXICO

Acapulco, on Mexico's west coast. Excursions from the liner will reveal the charm of this resort with its sweeping bay and mountains.

PANAMA CANAL

Passing through the canal, with its mountains, lakes, and giant locks, from the Pacific to the Atlantic will be one of the tour highlights.

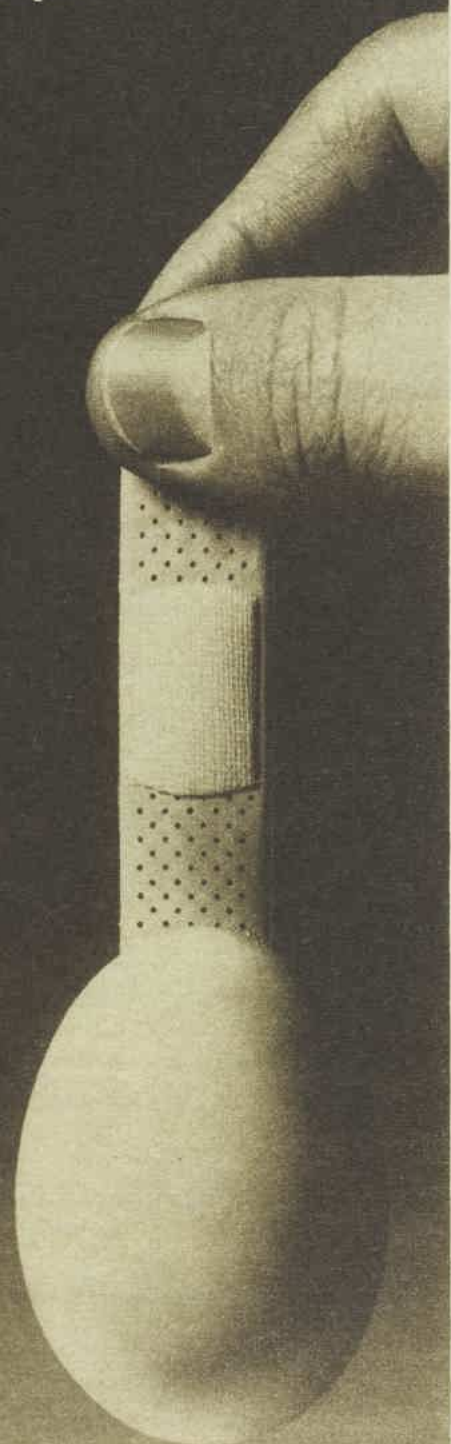


Hold it! this is a stick-up

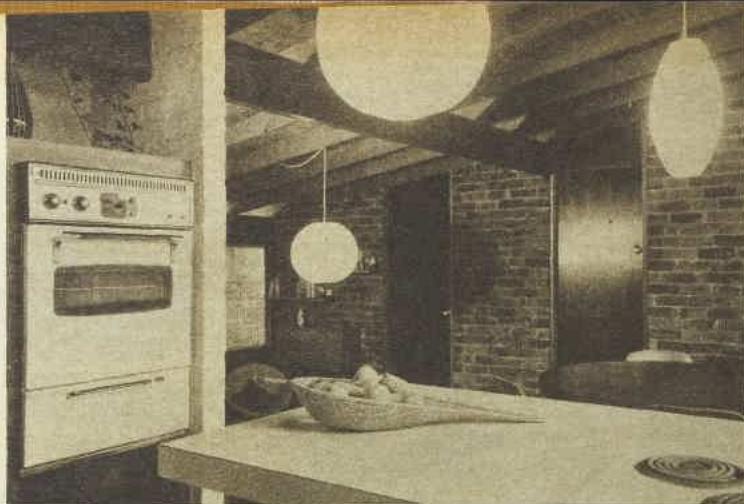
BAND-AID Brand Dressings stick at a touch—stay put even under water. Next time a hurt happens, cover it quick!

BAND-AID strips

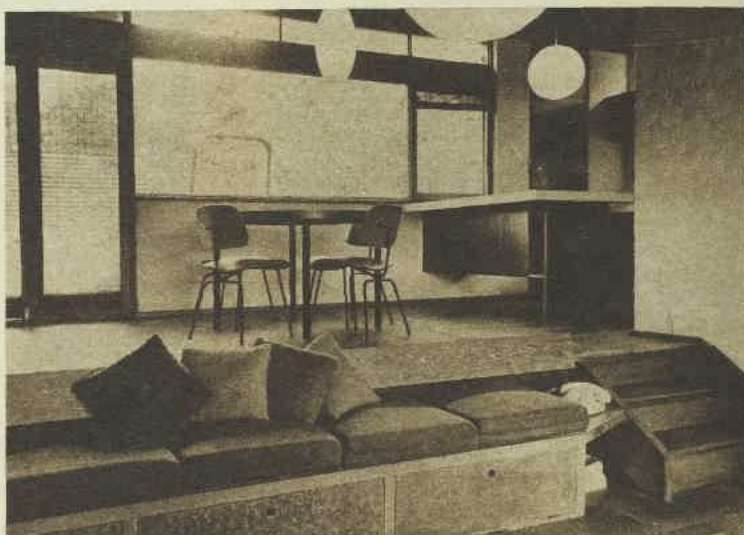
BRAND



Johnson & Johnson



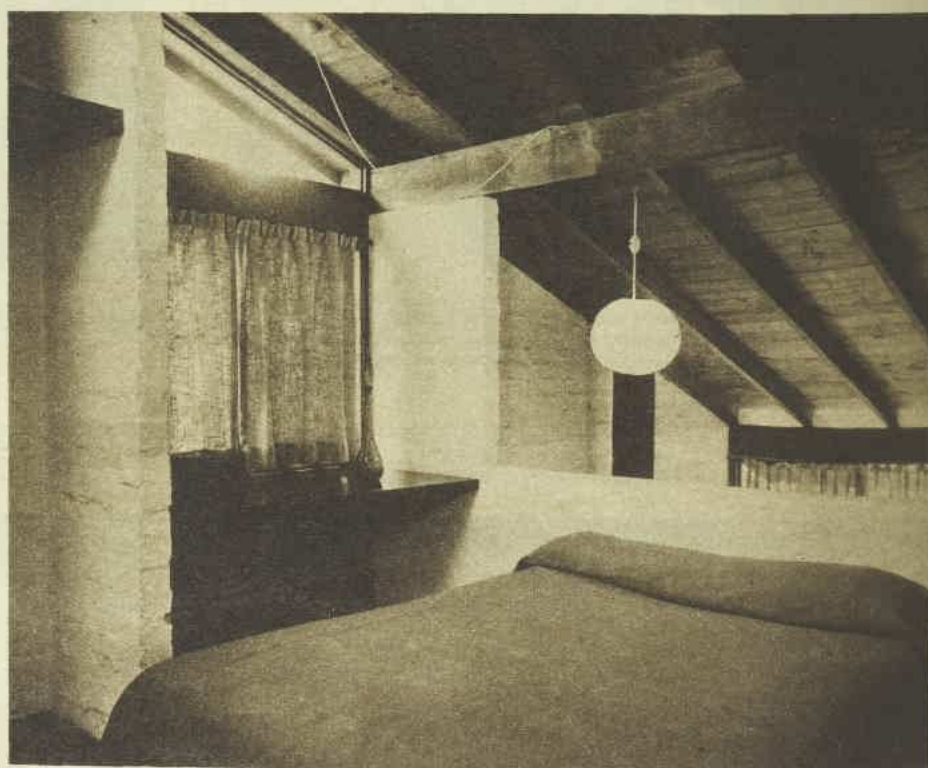
WORKBENCH, extra-wide with hotplates, separates kitchen from dining area. Family room is at left; doors open to two bedrooms.



HOUSE
of the
WEEK

BUILT-IN seat, with hard-wearing hessian-covered cushions, at end of family room below dining area, provides storage space.

NATURAL MATERIALS



MAIN BEDROOM, with steep attic-like ceiling, opens over living-room below to create feeling of extra space in both rooms. Dressing-table is built-in.



EXTERIOR (left) of Mr. and Mrs. L. Sawtell's house at Normanhurst, N.S.W., facing main road, has high fence and gates for children's safety. Garage is at left. Below is house from rear, with sundecks outside living-room and bedrooms.



CUT BUILDING COSTS

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. L. Sawtell bought a 60ft. x 147ft. block of land at Normanhurst, N.S.W., they decided from the start that they wanted a house of unusual design on the steep, rocky site, but one that was also compact, practical, and easy to live with. On seeing architect Andrew Young's proposed plans, and even while the house was being built, they were not at all sure what their reactions would be to the completed building—but on moving in they were enchanted.

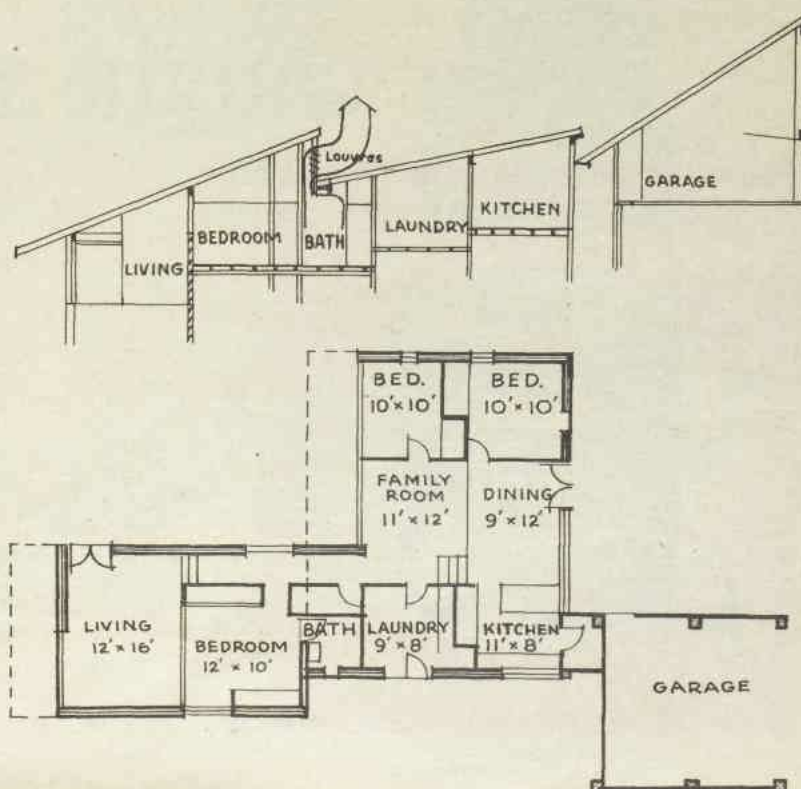
The 14-square house with a four-square garage, which cost \$13,000 to build, is of clinker brick and oiled timber with bag-rendered walls. Most of the floors are tiled in cork; the three bedrooms and the quarry-tiled living-room have floor coverings of seagrass matting. On the laundry/bathroom floor are red vinyl tiles, in the main bathroom ceramic tiles. Ceilings throughout are of oiled and undressed sawn oregon. Most of the windows are uncurtained; roller blinds of rattan are used instead. There are clerestory windows to all levels.

"The bricklayers viewed the rough clinker bricks with suspicion," said Mrs. Sawtell. "One time when Mr. Young was here he discovered them industriously sanding them smooth. He made them lay a front path to use up all the flattened bricks."

Mr. and Mrs. Sawtell laid the brick terrace in front of the house, also an area at the side behind the garage.

The area in front of the house is virtually childproof — high-fenced and high-gated. This play area is overlooked by large windows, enabling Mrs. Sawtell, while working in the kitchen, to keep an eye on four-year-old daughter Tracey. A covered pathway leads from the pantry—adjoining the kitchen—to the large garage. Built into the garage is a loft, later to be Mr. Sawtell's darkroom.

Storage space is excellent. All bedrooms have built-in wardrobes, the kitchen has childproof, low cupboards, and there is space beneath built-in seating in the family room. Built-ins are unlined, resulting in another saving in building costs.



Story by Shan Hailey

Photographs by Keith Barlow



ever caught a pineapple fish?



THE GOLDEN CIRCLE CANNERY,
NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, Q

no fishing gear needed
to make this delicious
**Pineapple Fish Casserole
for Lent**

● **PINEAPPLE FISH CASSEROLE**

Drain one 15oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Choice Pineapple Pieces. Line buttered casserole with 3 cups cooked macaroni or spaghetti. Prepare 1 pint white sauce, add 1 cup grated cheese, 2 table-spoons of pineapple pieces and

one 15oz. can drained and flaked tuna fish. Spoon into casserole. Top with a baked short pastry shaped fish and arrange remaining pineapple pieces over pastry to look like the scales of a fish. Reheat in moderate oven.

● **Peel a can and taste the sunshine!**

THE DECISION

Miranda and her mother discussed the wedding.



THE wedding rehearsal was over and everything had gone wrong. The flowergirl had skinned her knee. Gloria, the bridesmaid, had a cold and sneezed resolutely. The best man couldn't remember which pocket he was to put the ring in. Only the minister seemed sure things would go better tomorrow.

Miranda Blake, the bride, stood in the tiny vestry with her soon-to-be husband, George Dennis.

"You look bushed, sweetheart," he said. "Let's sneak off somewhere quiet." The panic Miranda had been fighting all day closed in on her, as though the vestry walls were a prison cell.

"No, no, you have your bachelor dinner and I'll go home and rest."

At home her mother hovered solicitously with hot cocoa.

"I feel awful," Miranda wailed. "I'm making a mistake. Why, mother, I scarcely know George."

"Nonsense," her mother said. "You've known him a year and he's a fine man. You're having bride's jitters. I cried for an hour before I married your father and we've been happy for 25 years. Drink this cocoa and go to sleep."

But Miranda couldn't sleep. She kept thinking. Of course George was a fine young man and she loved him. Or did she? Sometimes they were a little bored with each other. She had never been bored with Harry. Let's face it, thought Miranda, Harry is youth and laughter.

At 10.30 she tiptoed down the stairs. At 11 the Club Royal was getting under way. Music jangled from the low ceiling. The room was almost black, but Harry saw her at once.

"Let's dance, Mandy," he said.

It was like Harry to ignore the fact that he had not seen her for months. In a moment she was bending and swaying in perfect time with him. She wasn't Miranda Blake any more. She was Mandy, a crazy kid out for fun and games. She sank laughing into a chair.

"Let's drive miles," Harry said. "Let's go to the Point and dance to the moon."

But when they got there, they didn't dance. Harry's arms were around her. "You're my girl," he said. "You couldn't stand that square."

"You don't understand," she said. "I only had to see you again."

What had she really wanted? To exercise a ghost? To tie the past in a

neat package and say goodbye? She scarcely knew, but she knew that she did not want Harry.

"If you're going to be a spoilsport, let's cut back to the club," Harry said sullenly.

Miranda drove home and went to bed. It was Gloria who awakened her.

"Darling, I hate to tell you, but I must."

"You have flu and you can't be a bridesmaid," Miranda guessed.

"No, I'll manage. That is, if you still want to go through with the wedding."

"Why not?" asked Miranda.

"Darling, it's awful, but you do remember that dreadful little blonde who worked at the Carousel? Of course you know George used to take her out."

"I know," said Miranda.

"Well, he ducked out on his bachelor dinner and went there last night. Joe saw them together. I thought you should know, and I do hate to tell you."

"I'm sure you do," Miranda said. "Now run along and get dressed. The wedding's at four, you know."

"It still is?"

"I'm fairly sure of it," Miranda laughed, but when Gloria had left she wasn't so confident. Her hands trembled as she dialled the phone.

"I know it's bad luck for you to see the bride just before the wedding," she said. "But, George, I must see you."

"I'll be there," George said.

"George, are you sure you want to marry me?" she asked when he arrived.

He looked bewildered for a minute, then he smiled. "I'm sure, dearest," he said, and he laughed. "It's a funny thing. Yesterday, after that tiresome rehearsal, I felt as though I were going to jail. It was a crazy feeling, and I did something crazy because of it. I guess it was a last fling at liberty or something like that. But I love you, Mandy. Now I'm asking you. Are you sure?"

"Don't call me Mandy," she said absently. "The name is Miranda, and yes, I'm sure, George. I'm sure of both of us now."

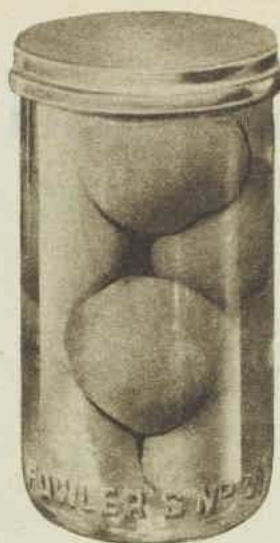
The wedding went perfectly. The minister beamed. "You see, I told you everything would be all right."

"I'm so happy," Miranda said.

"You see," said her mother smiling at her daughter. "I told you you were only having bride's jitters."

(Copyright)

BY ROBERTA YATES



Have fun save money and feel so proud

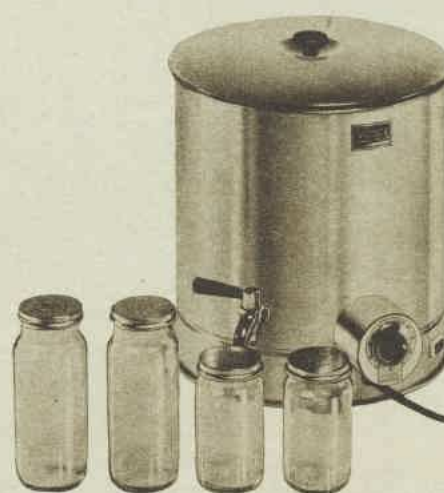
with a modern Fowlers vacola Home Bottling Outfit

Electric Stainless Steel Thermostat Controlled Outfit

(as illustrated)

Comprises stainless steel electric sterilizer with auto. electric thermostat, 24 vacuum self-sealing bottles, rings, covers, clips, bottle brush, 148-page recipe and instruction book.

\$63.85



Standard Electric Plug-in Outfit

(complete with bottles and fittings as above.) **\$42.35**

Top-of-the-Stove Stainless Steel Outfit

(complete with bottles and fittings as above.) **\$33.50**

No. 2 Standard Outfit

(as illustrated)

Comprises gaily coloured sterilizer, thermometer, 24 vacuum self-sealing bottles, rings, covers, clips, bottle brush, 148-page recipe and instruction book.

\$19.20



For all your home preserving use Fowlers
vacola self sealing vacuum bottles

FOWLERS vacola HOME BOTTLING OUTFIT

FOWLERS VACOLA MFG. CO. LTD., BOX 18, HAWTHORN, VIC.

Please send me — FREE — without obligation, full particulars of Fowlers preserving outfits.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

STATE _____

FV.4354

Heathermoor, a twinset is meant to be classic Now, look what you've done (so beautifully)

Heathermoor, how cunningly un-classic, how prettily new. You've done what everyone's been trying to do: created swinging twinsets. And you've done it so softly, so sweetly. Heathermoor, you're brilliant.





6368.—Floor-length evening coat in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6368, price 85c includes postage. Patterns are available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.

Here are other queries in my fashion mail:

"I have a very pretty lightweight wool lime-colored coat. I want to make a plain dress to wear with it, but can't decide on the color. Could you offer a suggestion, and also for accessories?"

I suggest a navy dress with a lime trim; lime bands on the neck and sleeves would be sufficient. For the accessories I like the idea of a matching shade of lime for the hat, and navy for shoes, handbag, and gloves.

"Could you assist me with a paper pattern for a floor-length maternity skirt? I have to attend an evening function and as I have a pretty white lace top I thought I could wear it with a long skirt."

Our pattern department has a slim-line maternity skirt in two lengths, street and floor. The skirt has an adjustable front section. The pattern also includes maternity slacks and shorts. The pattern is available in sizes 33, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42in. waist. If you decide to order, please quote Vogue pattern 5970; price 59c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"I am being married in May. The ceremony is at noon with a luncheon party to follow. At this hour, would it be bad taste to wear a formal bridal gown?"

No, it is quite correct. After all, you are only a bride once, so why not make it a really glamorous occasion.

● The design illustrated at left is my choice for a reader who is attending a gala evening. Here is her letter and my reply:

"I have some beautiful quilted satin I wish to utilise for an evening coat. I am attending a gala evening charity performance in June, and it is for this occasion I am making the coat. I am 31in. bust and very thin."

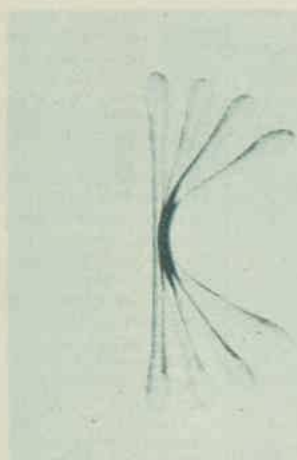
The design I have chosen (illustrated at left) is double-breasted with high, fitted details. I feel this shape would be becoming to your slim figure. If you decide to order a pattern, details are given under the illustration.

DRESS SENSE

by

BETTY KEEP

Cotton Buds were invented for babies— (but grown-ups like them, too.)



Johnson's flexible Cotton Buds.



They're inexpensive and convenient.



They can clean a baby's ear.



Or a baby's nose.



They brush on eye shadow.



Clean a baby's eye.



And clean jewellery.



They were invented for babies.



But grown-ups like them, too.
(Like most of Johnson's baby things.)

* 25c for 50. 45c for 100.

Johnson & Johnson

AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● I wonder whether the time will ever come when people and governments will be willing to give serious consideration to Dr. Margaret Mead's recent proposal that there should be two sorts of marriage — one for the production of children, the other to allow young people to live together in dignity and contentment.

AT FIRST glance, her proposal seems to outrage all the moral and traditional codes. The question is whether we are going on sticking indefinitely to the old codes (marriage first and as many chil-

dren as economically possible afterwards) until, over the entire earth, we have standing room only.

It's probably harder for Australians than for other people to realise just what a population problem the world has.

Because more population is needed here, we push into the back of our minds the dry but alarming facts about the growth of the world's total population.

Generations of efforts directed toward saving lives, conquering diseases, increasing nourishment, and helping those of relatively low fertility to reproduce have led us now to a crisis situation that includes developed as well as undeveloped countries. Even America, the most prosperous country in the world, faces an overpopulation crisis of nightmare size.

It's going to be a sad old world when couples who want children have to be branded anti-social and selfish for having them. But if we're to avoid this we're certainly going to have to rethink some of our attitudes to sex and marriage and child-bearing.

At present, we expect the mature young to postpone sexual experience until after marriage, and when they marry we expect them to have children.

I have never known a childless couple who admit that they are childless because they want to be. There must be such couples, but convention says that "everyone" wants children, so that those who are childless are always assumed to be unfortunate victims of some disability. Maybe some are, instead, admirably well-adjusted people who know their own capabilities.

Even as I write this it sounds like heresy to me because I, like every other woman, have been conditioned by unpteen generations of propaganda which says that the only worthwhile form of fulfilment for a woman is child-bearing.

My great-great-grandmother had innumerable children, because there was no way out. She passed on to her daughters the view that this was the natural and desirable order of things.

My grandmother also had a huge family. I suppose nobody ever knew which of those pregnancies she welcomed and which filled her with dismay, but she certainly passed on to her daughters the idea that big families were best.

And so they are, from the viewpoint of comfort, support, and good, close human relationships. But are we going to be able to go on and on and on supporting this point of view in a world groaning under the weight of a population it can't feed?

When, in my youth, I told my grandfather that I was going to get married and have a lot of children, he said, "Why don't you do something useful? There are plenty of people in the world to have children." I thought he was revolting, insulting, ungrandfatherly, and possibly a bit gaga.

Now I'm not so sure that he wasn't just a bit ahead of his time. Somewhere some of the world's young are going to have to be persuaded of this, and pretty quickly, too.

Two-class marriages to protect children from divorce

DR. MARGARET MEAD (she is the world-renowned anthropologist) made her suggestion of two sorts of marriage as a means of protecting children from the effects of divorce. What she suggested was "parental" marriage and "individual" marriage.

Parental marriages—those contracted by mature people with the intention of producing children — should be made harder to contract and much harder to break up.

This, she believes, would do away with the fearful problems of children born to young couples who enter marriage hastily and without any appreciation of its resulting responsibilities.

Her suggested "individual" marriages, dependent on the use of birth-control pills, would allow those not ready or mature enough for the responsibilities of parenthood to lead satisfactory, normal, and respectable lives within the community.

I can see arguments against it, but I can see arguments for it, too. Mightn't it, as Dr. Mead bluntly suggests, "take sex out of the back seat and the motel." Much as we might regret the need to be bothered with such a state of affairs, it does exist, and just wishing it didn't isn't going to alter it.

Society forces subterfuge on the young — they don't choose it. Society says that sex and love and marriage and morals and economics and the ability to earn X number of dollars a year and maturity and wisdom to guide the growth of a family are all bound up together and that each must be postponed until all can be achieved at once.

It's asking rather a lot. It's nothing new, admittedly. It always has been asked. But it has never worked out particularly well, and it seems to be working less and less well in an already overpopulated world where science now permits the young what society won't allow them.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 15, 1967

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New Pure Magic is your fashionable everything; the smoothest, smartest kind of coverage and all-day medication that makes every tomorrow clearer. It shelters you with an antiseptic that helps stop bacteria spread, so often the cause of skin problems.

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At long last a girdle you z z zip into—instead of struggle into! Formfit's Little Zipper has a fly front that hides extra control panels for the tummy. The rest is double panels of Lycra powernet that work like firm young muscles, that make no bones about keeping you curvily trim. White only, 26"-33" waist. 912 Girdle \$11.95. 812 Mid-leg pantee \$12.95. 813 Long-leg pantee \$13.95.

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This simple Carnation recipe makes 4 exciting casseroles...all different, all delicious!

It's easy. Make up our basic Mushroom Noodle recipe. Then add tuna and tomato. Or chicken and almonds. Or salmon and asparagus. Or seafoods to make a meal to suit any occasion. When you use Carnation Evaporated Milk your casserole will stay creamy and moist to the last savoury mouthful. *Carnation, the 'milk from contented cows'.*



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Now the Carnation can has a raised rim.
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Follow the basic Mushroom Noodle recipe, adding the extra ingredients to make these four casseroles.

Basic Mushroom Noodle Casserole

6 oz noodles or thin spaghetti, cooked and drained; 1 packet cream of mushroom soup; 1½ cups (14½ oz can) undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk; ¼ cup finely grated or parmesan cheese.

1. Empty the packet of mushroom soup into a saucepan. 2. Add 1½ cups water, stirring to blend to a smooth paste. 3. Add the Carnation Milk and bring to the boil over a medium heat, stirring continually. 4. Arrange the spaghetti

or noodles in a 2 pint casserole. Pour in the sauce, toss lightly with a fork. 5. Sprinkle with cheese. Place in a moderate oven 350° Regulo 5 Gas, 400° Electric for 25-30 minutes or until heated through and golden brown on top. Serves 6.

How to add the extra ingredients

Tuna Tomato Bake

Before topping with cheese in step 5, add two tablespoons sliced stuffed olives, 1 cup coarsely grated or diced cheese, a 7½ oz can

drained tuna and 1 medium tomato peeled and quartered to noodle/sauce mixture in step 4.

Curried Chicken and Mushroom Amandine

Add 1 dessertspoon curry powder with the soup mixture in step 1. Add two cups diced chicken, an 8 oz can mushrooms to the noodle/sauce mixture in step 4, top with ¼ cup of sliced almonds and then sprinkle with cheese.

Salmon Asparagus Corn Casserole

Add an 8 oz can drained sweet corn kernels, a 10½ oz can drained asparagus crosscuts, a

7½ oz can drained and flaked salmon to the noodle/sauce mixture in step 4. Top with 1 cup bread croutons and then sprinkle with cheese.

Seafood Supreme

Add 1 dessertspoon curry powder with the soup mixture in step 1. Add an 8 oz can drained crabmeat, ½ lb. shelled deveined prawns and ¼ lb. halved cooked scallops to the noodle/sauce mixture in step 4, then sprinkle with cheese.

"Welcome home, darlings," said Grandma. Grandpa stood and nodded and beamed as he watched his three English grandchildren playing in the Melbourne garden where his own three children had grown up.

AUSTRALIA REVISITED

● After 14 years' absence, a Melbourne girl comes home for a brief visit with her English husband and three children. How would it go, renewing old ties after such a long time? EWAN MITCHELL, the husband in the case, says it was "marvellous." He tells about it here.

FOURTEEN years ago my wife had left for England. Now she was back, for three brief weeks. Trams still rattle by the roomy old house. "Please can we go on a tram, Grandma?" the children begged. In London, they have only unromantic buses.

"Of course," said Grandma. Off they went to St. Kilda Beach.

"It's a super beach," said Michael, aged nine, "but no one is swimming."

"Of course not," said Auntie Jean. "It's winter."

"Not in England," said Juliette, aged seven. "Why is it winter here when it's summer at home?"

"If the earth is round and Australia is on the bottom of it, why don't we fall off?" Michael inquired. We tried to explain.

We watched the queues at the football ground, but didn't join them. "Is Collingwood really going to win the footie?" asked Juliette, after listening to her Uncle Stan declaiming the virtues of his favorite team. "Do we have footie in England?" How ignorant can you get?

Before we left England, we thought it a good idea that Michael and Juliette should attend a Melbourne school with their cousins Deirdre and Sandra.

Juliette was enthusiastic, Michael wasn't. The headmaster said they'd be very welcome. After Michael had spent a half-hour with his cousins he changed his mind. "Promise there'll be no homework?" he said. We promised.

At the end of the week, we asked whether the children would like to go back to school for another week. "Of course," said Michael. "We had a marvellous time. But how could we go?"

He explained that his classmates had given him farewell presents (tram tickets, torn stamps, photographs, grubby treasures) and had made farewell speeches. Michael had replied, "Can't go back after that, can I?" he said. "And how about the swimming?"

Swimming, the Australian way

Michael fancies himself as a swimmer, and captains his school junior team. We entered him in one of Harry Gallagher's squads, and every day he went training. He learned that to be a champion you don't just paddle up and down the pool once or twice a week.

In Australia, starting when you are knee-high to a flounder, you swim 100 metres freestyle, 100 metres breaststroke, 100 metres butterfly, the same again arms only, the same again with kicking board, and then half a mile (at 85 percent effort) — and you do it at least three times a week.

"No wonder Australia produces great sportsmen," we all agreed.

The children played in the garden where Grandpa, long ago, had built a child-size Victorian cottage for mummy and the twins (Uncle John and Auntie Jean). We had seen films and photographs of it, and now the children took it for their own.

Grandpa also had built a fantastic rockery topped by a fairy castle with a waterfall (controlled from the old washhouse tap) tumbling down the slopes. There were fish swimming in the pond at the foot, and tiny Chinese figures clambering across the bamboo bridges.

The children loved the garden. When it wasn't raining (which it often was), they clambered up the fig tree, played in the sandpit, and chased each other around the two huge cypresses.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 15, 1967

THE REUNION

A reader from Streaky Bay, S.A., writes this poem for her daughters, Ros and Mari, meeting after many years.

THINKING of all the "you and me"
There'll be, while you are drinking tea,
Unlocking doors of memory —
The glowing torch, the golden key —
Of youthful years, and fancy free;
The quiet bush, the tranquil sea,
The "Ah! do you remember?" plea,
The love, the laughter, glad some glee,
The rippling, witty repartee;
The magic mood, the melody
When adult cares and troubles flee;
Thinking of all the "you and me"
The blissful "bread and butter" spree,
The merry, mad corroborree
There'll be, while you are drinking tea.

Meanwhile, we paid visits in Melbourne. Imagination plays tricks. My wife had forgotten the telephone poles marring the scenery even in the smartest suburbs, and found St. Kilda Road not what it was, the grand homes having given way so often to flats, skyscrapers, commerce.

The whole place seemed to have shrunk, too, youthful memory being such a flatterer. Reality revealed Melbourne as a city of bustle, warmth, and generosity, but with little of the scenic or architectural beauty we had expected. We hoped we didn't offend by saying so.

Do people really want to know, when they ask, "How do you find the place after so many years away?"

We disrupted the working lives of the rest of the family. "I'm sorry," I heard John telling a client by telephone, "but my sister and her family are here from England. I've been out of the office a good deal." He certainly had.

As for Jean, she and my wife hadn't met for 14 years. Grandpa, Grandma, John, and even Jean's husband, Stan, had managed a visit to London. But what would Auntie Jean be like?

At opposite ends of the world, the two sisters worried about how they would get on, but the 14 years rolled back to leave the relationship where it had been, but better.

The age gap between my wife and her sister and brother had vanished. They were closer than ever.

But time was so short. At home, we run a small Australia House. Over the years, dozens of Melbourne visitors have brought glimpses of home to our London table.

Now they, along with all my wife's relatives and childhood friends, sought to entertain us. There was only one solution: Say "no" to everyone, or we'd never see the family.

So, with rare exceptions, we made it a family holiday. Together, we laughed, sang, played, and dined, filling those weeks with memories.

Highlight? The Healesville Sanctuary. "Fancy playing with real kangaroos," the children chortled, desperately trying to find one with a joey in its pouch. We fed the emus, admired the koalas, marvelled that the wombat is a real, live animal.

"Who lives in Australia?" we asked our baby, Naomi, 3, when our three weeks were nearly up.

"I do, of course," she answered.

And then we had to leave. "I'm crying inside," said Michael. That summed it up for all of us.

We organised the farewell with the maximum of rush. Up in the morning . . . finish the packing . . . dash for the airport . . . arrive as the flight departure is announced . . .

"Goodbye. Thank you. It was marvellous, wasn't it?"

"The party's over," said Grandpa, "but it was a good party."

We received a letter from the family when we arrived in India, on our way home. "The house seems so empty . . . it was marvellous, wasn't it?" It was.



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CHEESE 'N BEAN GRILL

You'll want a 16 oz. can of HEINZ Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce, 4 slices of hot buttered toast, and 4 oz. of KRAFT Cheddar Cheese. Heat the can of Baked Beans. Spoon over the slices of hot buttered toast and top with slices of Cheddar Cheese. Place under a heated grill to melt the cheese. 4 servings.

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

• This week our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, identifies a brass candlestick belonging to a Queensland Historical Association.

Readers are requested to send a photograph of any item they want identified by our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe. A description is rarely adequate. Queries must now be limited to one item. Valuations are not given in this feature.

THIS brass candlestick, illustrated, was recently presented to the Queensland Women's Historical Association. We would be most grateful if you could tell us something about it, as we cannot find anything in our reference books. — Miss Gyneth Campbell, Hon. Secretary, The Queensland Women's Historical Association, Clayfield, Brisbane.

The candlestick with snuffer was made in England (probably in Birmingham) about 1890 to 1905. It originally held a plain cylindrical glass globe, known as a storm globe, which was used to protect the naked flame of the candle from the violence of winds and for reasons of safety.

• English candlestick and snuffer made at the turn of the century.



HOME HINTS

• Useful hints for the home, sent in by readers, win a prize of \$2 each.

AN easy way to make a new hatband sit neatly on a school hat is to dip the upper edge of the band in hot water. It will shrink that part of the band immediately, so it will fit snugly round the hat when dry. — Mrs. D. Farmer, 28 Stephen St., Toowoomba, Qld.

Cut the head off a discarded hot-water bottle and use the remainder as a mat to rest your mixing bowl on while beating eggs, etc. — excellent way to muffle the noise while baby is sleeping. — Mrs. Rosemary Maher, 7 Mayfield St., Bulga, W.A.

A half-gallon ice-cream tin is useful when pressing brawn or ox tongue. Put a plate or lid on top and leave overnight in refrigerator. The meat will come out an even shape. — Mrs. Y. Treble, c/o Kurmond P.O., Kurmond, N.S.W.

Children's pale-colored plastic sandals when badly discolored can be made like new again by washing in warm soapy water, then rubbing any stubborn stains gently with fine steel wool. Rinse thoroughly in cool water, dry in open air. — Mrs. J. Tesch, 37 Evelyn Rd., Ringwood, Vic.

Cover cutting edges of tools with plastic tape when storing them in box or drawer. This prevents their becoming dull or rusted, and the cutting surface and your hands are protected. — Mrs. R. H. Calvert, Kettering, Tas.

If a piece of plastic is put on the dining-table under a lace cloth it is much easier to deal with the crumbs. — Mrs. Mack Young, 54 Henley Lane, Gundagai, N.S.W.

Use wholemeal flour instead of plain flour to make a fish batter for a delicious new flavor. — Mrs. J. Keuncally, 42 Valencia St., Glenroy W9, Vic.

Jam tarts for school lunches: Make pastry cases, fill with jam in usual way. Place in oven and when partly cooked remove and sprinkle jam with generous amount of coconut. Return to oven to finish baking. Result is a nice toasted topping, very tasty. It looks most effective when dark jam is used. — Mrs. Lola M. Piper, "Ingleburn," Cassilis 3N, N.S.W.



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DECORATIONS FOR YOUR TABLE



ROOSTERS for your Easter table are made from cardboard or from firm paper in bright colors. The directions are overleaf.



PAPER BIRDS are another type of Easter decoration that is easy and cheap to make. Directions for cutting out are overleaf.



EASTER CHICKENS are gay little birds made with colored pipe-cleaners twisted into shape. Directions are given overleaf.



HALVA CAKE (above) is ideal for Easter eating. Beautifully moist, with a lemon-and-brandy-flavored syrup, it can also be served as dessert. Recipe is on page 51.

MEXICAN-STYLE EGGS

(Picture on opposite page)

Materials Required: Plastic or metal Easter-egg moulds, or oval, egg-shaped bowls; face tissues; colored paints; clear lacquer; braids, lace flowers, colored string, sequins, etc., for decoration; flour glue (see below); salad oil for greasing moulds.

To Make: Turn moulds face down on table. Grease outside of moulds very well with oil. Cover mould with face tissue, stretching to fit smoothly over mould. (Don't bother, at this stage, to trim edges.) Paint over tissue with glue. Cover with another tissue; stretch, smooth, paint with glue as before. Continue in this way until the tissue shell is about $\frac{1}{16}$ in. thick (about the thickness of a 20-cent piece).

If using a very big mould, more than one tissue will be needed for each layer. Make sure thickness of covering is uniform over mould, particularly at edges.

When all tissues are applied, smooth over egg firmly, squeezing out any wrinkles and excess glue. Leave to dry in sunshine or warm place; this could take 1 to 2 days, depending on temperatures. However, before egg is completely dry, remove shell from mould and trim edges neatly. Replace on mould to dry completely.

When dry, paint with any colored paint; poster paint or house paint you have left over are suitable.

When paint is dry, decorate with contrasting color; paint inside of egg with this contrasting color.

This painting tends to soften the eggshell; so, as soon as paint is dry enough to touch, replace shells on mould to retain their shape. Paint inside of eggshell with clear lacquer; also lacquer the outside, if desired. If decorating with braid, fringe, string, sequins, or flowers, place these on now in decorative design; the lacquer will hold them firmly.

If the outside of eggshell is not lacquered, because you want a matt effect, decorations can be secured with transparent quick-drying glue.

Note: These eggs can be filled with confectionery for gift-giving; line inside top and bottom of egg with aluminium foil or plastic food wrap before filling to avoid any marks or moisture on papiermache. The eggs also make pretty jewel or trinket boxes.

FLOUR GLUE

Blend 4 tablespoons of flour with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cold water. Slowly add one pint of boiling water and stir until thickened and semi-transparent.

MARSHMALLOW EGGS

(Picture at left, below)

Save empty eggshells beforehand to use as moulds. Gently crack shells at large end, and carefully peel away shell from crack. Pierce through protective membrane into yolk of egg. When yolk is broken, shake out contents gently into bowl. A perfect eggshell, with only a small hole at one end, will remain. Rinse well in warm, soapy water; drain well. Pour a little salad oil in eggshell, roll shell until inside is well coated; drain out excess oil. Place oiled eggshells in an empty egg carton, with holes to the top.

Make up marshmallow mixture (see overleaf). Place in large piping bag and pipe into eggshells, refrigerate until set.

Gently crack and peel off eggshells. Roll marshmallow eggs in brightly colored sugar or colored coconut.

Continued overleaf

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 15, 1967



Food and fun—

NOVELTIES FOR EASTER

● Rich, Mexican-style Easter eggs in easy-to-make papiermache; pretty novelties for the Easter table; jewel-colored marshmallow eggs for the children — the directions for making them all, at a cost of only a few cents each, are given in this four-page feature. In addition there's a recipe for Halva Cake.



MEXICAN-STYLE EASTER EGGS, richly colored, can be filled with sweets or small gifts or used as trinket cases. Directions opposite.

CLOSE-UP of Mexican-style Easter egg filled with Jewel Jellies. The recipe for these colorful jellies with fruit flavors is given on page 51.



Recipes and directions from our
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NOVELTIES FOR EASTER . . . Cont.

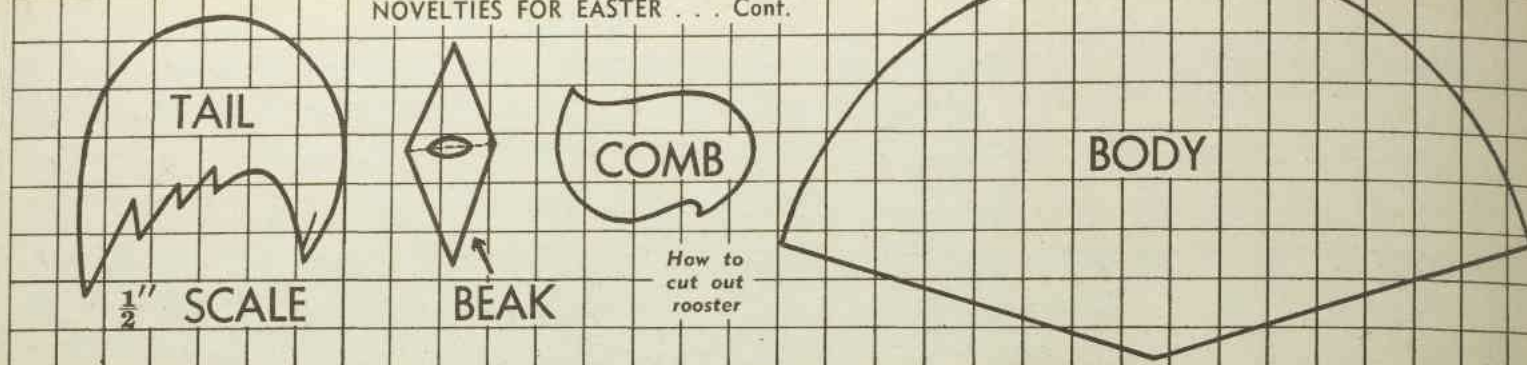


TABLE DECORATIONS

● Pictures in color section on the two previous pages.

ROOSTERS

Cut cardboard or firm colored paper into shapes, following diagrams above. Use one color for body and contrasting color for comb, beak, and tail. Form body into cone shape; staple or join with adhesive tape. Cut $\frac{1}{4}$ in. slit down through point of cone, insert comb.

Cut $\frac{1}{4}$ in. slit in body, about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. down from pointed top; insert tail. Secure end of tail with adhesive tape inside body.

Fold beak in half, cut out small central oval shape. Glue to body. Paint eye or glue on small circle of colored paper.

PAPER BIRDS

Cut cartridge paper (or firm, fairly thick paper) into strips approximately $\frac{1}{4}$ in. wide by 14 in. long. You will need 8 to 12 strips for each figure.

Hold strips together firmly and neatly, one on top of the other. With scissors, make small nick on either side of strips about 3 in. down from one end; tie with cotton. (This part will be the head.)

Now hold paper strips firmly 4-6 inches from this cotton. Ease strips out between these two points. This will form the body. Nick on either side at this point, tie with string to secure.

Beak: Take the two lowest paper head strips, cut and bend to shape; open out to form two beaks.

Comb and tail feathers: Take each individual paper strip, curl it round thin skewer or match.

Hang as mobiles, or place on small cardboard stand, securing with sticky tape.

EASTER CHICKENS

These little chickens are made with colored pipe-cleaners. Bend pipe-cleaners into appropriate shapes, twist firmly to join or secure.

When completed, press the pipe-cleaners which form legs into an empty matchbox, which can be painted or covered with colored tissue paper.

MARSHMALLOW EGGS . . . continued

Note: To color sugar or coconut, put into basin, color with a few drops of desired food coloring; stir well until coloring is evenly distributed.

MARSHMALLOW

- 3½ tablespoons gelatine
- 1lb. sugar
- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup cold water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla

Soak gelatine in cold water; place sugar and boiling water into large saucepan, bring slowly to boiling point. Add the soaked gelatine, boil steadily 20 minutes. (A large pan is necessary, because mixture tends to boil over.) Pour into large basin, cool, add lemon juice and vanilla. Beat until very thick and white.



Every day, she makes 2,000 slices of toast especially for him...

Sunbeam toasts up to 700 loaves of bread a week to test every single toaster they make. They don't settle for just one quick run-through either; they toast six slices of real bread in each toaster.

Sunbeam do this to test their special colour-
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 15, 1967

NOVELTIES FOR EASTER . . . concluded

Note: Pictures of Halva Cake and Jewel Jellies are in the color section of this cookery feature.

EASTER HALVA CAKE

- 4oz. butter or substitute
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon grated orange rind
- 3 tablespoons brandy
- 2 eggs
- 6oz. fine semolina
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 4oz. ground almonds or marzipan meal
- lemon syrup

LEMON SYRUP

- 1 cup sugar
- 3 tablespoons water
- 1 dessertspoon lemon juice
- 1 in. piece cinnamon stick
- 2 tablespoons brandy

Cream together butter, sugar, and orange rind until light and fluffy. Beat in brandy and eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift together semolina and baking powder. Stir into creamed mixture with ground almonds. Turn into greased and lined 8 in. square sandwich tin. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, bake

further 30 minutes or until skewer inserted in centre comes out clean.

Lemon Syrup: Meanwhile, put sugar, water, lemon juice, and cinnamon stick into saucepan, bring to the boil, stirring until sugar has dissolved. Boil without stirring until thickened, but do not let it change color (approximately 2 to 3 minutes). Remove cinnamon stick, add brandy.

Carefully turn cake on to platter, gradually pour over the hot syrup. When cold, cut into slices; or, to serve as dessert, cut

into squares, top with swirl of brandy-flavored whipped cream and fresh orange segment.

JEWEL JELLIES

- 1oz. gelatine
- 1 orange
- 1 lemon
- 1lb. sugar
- 9 tablespoons water (1/4 pint)
- 2 tablespoons sherry food coloring

Soften gelatine in a little of the water. Thinly peel half the

rind from orange and lemon. Squeeze juice from the fruit. Place rind, juice, sugar, and water into saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar has dissolved; allow to boil. Add softened gelatine, simmer until gelatine is dissolved. Strain, add sherry. Divide mixture into 3 bowls; tint each with food coloring of desired color. Refrigerate until set. Cut into squares with knife dipped in hot water.

For special-occasion flavor, port wine or liqueurs can be used in the jellies. In this case, omit sherry and 4 tablespoons of water from original recipe, replace with 2 tablespoons wine or liqueur in each of the 3 jelly portions.

Use creme de menthe for green jellies; an orange-flavored liqueur for orange-colored jellies; port wine for red or purple jellies.

Cream cake wins prize

A QUICKLY mixed cake, soft and light in texture, can be iced simply for morning tea or finished with strawberries and cream for a party occasion. This recipe wins our \$10 prize this week.

Consolation prize of \$2 is awarded for a special pancake recipe.

WHIPPED CREAM CAKE

- 1 cup cream
- 1 cup castor sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 1/2 cups plain flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- pinch salt

Whip cream until slightly thickened, but not until it holds a peak. Fold in sugar, then eggs beaten to a froth with the vanilla. Sift flour with baking powder and salt. Fold lightly into egg mixture without beating. Turn into two greased 8 in. sandwich tins, bake 15 to 20 minutes in hot oven.

When cold, fill and top as desired.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. M. Knight, 66 Wigram St., Harris Park, N.S.W.

GRANNY'S PANCAKES

- 1 cup self-raising flour
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon castor sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 cup milk
- 3 tablespoons sour cream
- 2 tablespoons melted butter

Sift dry ingredients. In another bowl beat egg, milk, and sour cream. Pour this mixture slowly into dry ingredients with melted butter, beating continuously to prevent lumps. Beat until batter is smooth. Drop tablespoonfuls of mixture on to hot, greased griddle, cook until golden, turn and cook other side. Serve hot with honey or lemon juice and sugar.

If no sour cream is available, use fresh cream and add 1/4 tablespoon vinegar, stand in warm place 5 minutes.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. Martin-Wade, 125 Finlayson St., Rosanna, Vic.



...and he doesn't even eat it:
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control; it lets you pick any shade of toast you want and then makes sure you get it. And they do this to test the way their toaster lowers and raises the toast automatically (so you don't burn your fingers). Only if everything functions 100% perfectly do

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WELL-BUILT APPLIANCES



LOVE IS A NOISY GOLDFISH

Strangely enough, the man in the pet shop understood her query

BY MARGARET CARTER



Small in a nice way, big in a delicious way, the little ones from the North Sea. Kipperd Herring, Scotch Herring in Tomato sauce, Scotch Fresh Herring. Crosse & Blackwell prepare the nicest fish in the business!



PEERING earnestly at the pet-shop owner, she said: "Well, what I would really like to know is — does a goldfish make much noise?"

He took a step back. In his job he was used to children with four cents short, or old ladies standing under his poster of children starving from malnutrition and telling him their Tiddles only ate the best steak, but a nut case buying a goldfish and asking if it made a noise?

"You see," she explained, wearily propping herself against a tottering pile of pet-food tins, "we have a great many children and a great many pets. We also have a television set, a radio, a washing-machine, and a fridge which hums when it's on and clicks when it's off."

"The electric polisher whines, the electric clock hums . . . dogs bark, cats miaow, hamsters scratch, budgerigars cheep . . . and all in our kitchen. And now our youngest wants a pet of his own."

"Now while I don't want to ruin his ego for life by depriving him of something which his brothers and sisters had as of right, I make only the stipulation that it should be a pet which makes no noise."

He saw her point.

"Are you an admirer of the poet Yeats?" he asked her.

"I am," she replied, "and in particular, you were thinking of . . . ?"

"Of your kitchen," he replied. "I wondered, amid the daily hum of your activities, if you ever thought of Yeats, 'The Lake Isle of Innisfree.' I believe it is . . . 'For peace comes dropping slow.' It's the only poem I can recall."

"It's the only poem most of us recall," she said absently. "Peace . . . I hear it in the deep heart's core." Nevertheless, Yeats wrote that poem walking down the Strand in London, which as you will remember must be one of the noisiest streets in England."

She was used to this sort of conversation and not at all disconcerted by it, for she was the type of woman whom people recognised as a kind of universal Earth Mother. Old ladies told her their fears, and strangers in buses leaned across and confided things.

"My great aunt Imelda went dotty," they'd say. "She pushed her husband down the stairs, and sometimes in the night when James snores too loudly I have a secret fear that her dottiness may be hereditary and that I shall go and do the same."

Whereupon she would reply calmly and matter-of-factly, in between wiping one child's nose and telling another to take his feet off the seat: "Oh, but nowadays we have so many more outlets for dottiness, so to speak. What with the television and Bingo and free education, the dottiness doesn't get so channelled, if you understand my meaning. We tend to spread it more . . ."

And the questioner would go home comforted, loving her Jamie: a little more and determined to spread her incipient dottiness by joining an art group or the church choir or even filling in crossword puzzles regularly.

So now — although the conversation might have seemed bizarre to an onlooker — it seemed normal and even peaceful to the woman and the pet-shop owner.

"It has not been my experience," he assured her, "that a goldfish is a noisy animal."

"Fish," corrected the youngest. So they bought the goldfish and took it home. And it joined the cat, the dog, the hamster, the budgerigar, the washing-machine, the radio, and the fridge, and the happy children in the big, noisy kitchen which mostly smelled of ironing and being lived in.

Weeks passed and the goldfish — like everything else in that house — thrived and grew. The youngest grew also, and presently it was time for him to go to school: and he went off with his brothers and sisters carrying his still, smelly satchel, and wearing his new, squeaky shoes.

And the kitchen was left alone. The cat was older and slept all day in the doll's pram by the fire, the dog went off courting, the budgerigar sulked at the lack of company, the hamster — undisturbed by small prodding fingers — slept more soundly.

Once each in the early morning, after the children had gone off with their packets of sandwiches, their homework, and their fare money, the universal Mother used the polisher and the dishwasher and the washing-machine.

The ancient fridge had been replaced by a more sophisticated and silent model and as for the television and the radio — they were never switched on until bedlam came again with the first slammed front door and the never-failing wail: "Mummee . . . I'm hungry . . ."

And now the kitchen was quiet and Yeats' peace came dropping slow, so slow that she thought, this silence is so loud it hurts my eardrums. If someone doesn't make a noise soon, thought the universal Mother, I shall go mad.

She sat alone and wondered if she ought to have a part-time job. Perhaps she should take up good works? But as it was she baked cakes, embroidered trivets, and generally made herself useful at quite half-a-dozen fetes and Christmas fairs. It isn't that I haven't enough to do, she thought, but just that I don't like the silence while I'm doing it.

And then she became aware of the goldfish. It didn't exactly make a noise, but it was alive. The cat and the hamster were, of course, also alive, but they were always asleep: the budgie was still not talking. But the goldfish bore no rancor. It drifted around in its tank with scarcely perceptible movements of its mothlike fins.

Sometimes it rose to the surface of the water and took bites of provided weed. Sometimes it wove a roguish way through the ruins of a submerged castle on which its indulgent owner had bludged three weeks' pocket money.

It appeared tranquil, calm, and in no danger of neurosis from the silence.

You're really quite amusing, thought the woman, beginning her ironing with one eye on the tank.

The goldfish dived, floated, drifted, turned . . . The woman was still ironing when the front door banged. "Mummee . . . I'm hungry . . ."

She had the kettle on and the ironing away before the satchel

slumped on the kitchen floor. The cat sat up and began to purr, the hamster awoke and began to scurble in its food tray, the dog pushed open the back door and the budgie said: "Good afternoon. Merry Christmas. I take two lumps in my tea."

Someone switched on the television set and among the general hubbub the goldfish swam unnoticed.

"Do you miss us when we're at school?" one of the children asked her.

"Yes," she said. "I do miss you."

"Are you lonely?" asked another.

"Not really," she said. "I have things to do. And the animals keep me company."

"And the fish?" asked the youngest. "Is the fish company — even though it doesn't purr, or bark, or scratch, or talk?"

"Yes," she said, "the fish is great company."

"The main thing," she said, so quietly that none of the children heard . . . "the main thing is that the animals remind me of you all . . . and what my real job is."

But the children were singing a rowdy chorus to a commercial on the television and they didn't hear her.

The goldfish surfaced and took some food in a large round bite. And she could have sworn that it winked.

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He was about to walk into his small corner office and check with the command communications set he had there when he heard the familiar drone of twin piston engines faintly over the sound of the wind and the distant pounding surf. He turned and waited for the appearance of the DC-3, one of the four planes that made up the airline's modest fleet.

Presently it came into view, flying with a steady dignity though it was twenty years old and supposedly obsolete by all modern standards. The Air Force still had them in the inventory and there were plenty of pilots to swear that the old Gooonie was the greatest bird ever hatched.

Galloway went into the office and listened to the latest weather report. Based on what he heard he estimated that he had thirty-six hours in which to get out before the hurricane hit. Her name was Hazel and from all indications she was a big one.

Presently the DC-3 pilots came in, short, ageless Scotty Zimmerman, who had no Scottish heritage whatever, and young Wilson, who had dreamed of seeing the far places of the world and was making his start this way.

"We're going to have to get out," Zimmerman began

abruptly. "I've been following the reports; the blow is headed right toward us. I think we're going to lose the hangar, but this building ought to be all right."

Wilson nodded his agreement.

"Then we've got some work to do," Galloway declared. "The high-cost spares we'll take with us; the rest, as far as we can, we'll put in here in the freight area and wherever else there's room. As soon as the Connie comes in we can load her up with the extra engines and whatever else looks best."

As they walked out of the office Galloway sensed the tension in his newest co-pilot. "Is this your first hurricane alert?" he asked in a matter-of-fact voice.

"Yes, it is," Wilson responded quickly. "What can I do to help?"

"First, top off the bird. Take on all she'll hold; the gas will be no good when we come back if the blow really hits. Then help Scotty load up the spares stock. Never mind trying to keep a weight-and-balance sheet, he'll know how much she can carry and when to stop."

"Yes, sir." At once he was eager to begin work, savoring the thought that the first real adventure of his life was about to begin.

RESCUE MISSION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

The loud phone bell rang and Galloway returned to answer it. The connection was poor as it almost always was, but the welcome words came through in understandable form as he hung up with a sense of relief. He pulled a pair of worn work gloves out of the bottom drawer of his desk before he went out to join the others.

"The birds are OK," he reported. "Ned is down for maintenance in Miami. Charlie just called to say that he had the word and would hole in where he is."

Scotty fed the hose up to young Wilson, who stood waiting on the wing. "I wasn't worried; they both know the score. Charlie may catch a trip hauling relief supplies; that usually happens after a good one hits."

"Where's Armando?" Wilson called from up on the wing.

"Saturday afternoon," Galloway answered, "everybody's off. They may come back if they think we need them."

THE three men settled down to work. In two hours most of the job had been done. The heavier items had been lined up with the forklift, awaiting the arrival of the four-engined Constellation which was the flagship of the little fleet.

Scotty was engaged in rigging a cargo net over the forepart of the load when the steady controlled thunder of the Constellation could be heard above the rattle of the wind shaking the side panels of the old metal hangar.

Galloway walked out to watch it come in. He always did that; it was his greatest pride and, while he trusted the crew completely, he loved to watch it land.

This time the big graceful bird appeared to be coming in particularly low. She was well below the glide path, her engines delivering more power than they should in a normal approach. If she was in that position, then there was a reason for it; Herb Stallings, who was flying her, was a complete professional. What the reason might be worried Galloway; it could be any one of a number of things.

The huge plane sank even lower below the normal glide path, and at the same time the engines raised their voices slightly, indicating that more power had been added. Then, cautiously, the nose began to rise, much too slowly for a normal landing and too far out to fit standard procedures. Galloway accepted the fact now that something fairly serious was wrong with his bird. All that he asked was that it be allowed to land safely without serious damage to the airframe or the engines.

Now dangerously low, the Connie lifted her nose a few more degrees and reached for the end of the runway. She came in over the scrub, actually brushing a few of the taller weeds with her landing gear. Then, at precisely the right moment, her engines slacked off, she sank on to the concrete, and began to lose speed. Then she turned with massive shapely dignity on to the short taxiway which led to the ramp.

Galloway realised he had been holding his breath. He roused himself to action and pushed the boarding-stairs unit over to the rear door of the Connie. He usually did that, since it saved keeping a ramp attendant on the payroll on Saturday night for that single task.

As soon as he had positioned the steps and pushed the lock which held them in

place, the door opened from the inside and the huge head and shoulders of Herb Stallings appeared. He was a massive St. Bernard of a man with the calm disposition which sometimes goes with an oversize frame.

"You all right?" Galloway asked.

"I'm all right, but the bird isn't. You saw the approach I had to use."

"How bad is it?" There was an edge to Galloway's voice, although he tried to keep it casual.

"Stabilizer control boost. It's out. Probably a hydraulic leak. But it will take time to fix I landed her largely on power and the trim tab."

Galloway knew without checking that they had no parts in stock for that kind of a repair; they would have to be flown in. Stallings clapped a huge comforting hand on his shoulder.

"I know, Bob, it's rough. The blow is coming on fairly fast and right now, in the shape she's in, I don't know whether we're going to get Connie out of here or not."

The rest of the Connie's crew came down the steps, co-pilot Sam Eastman, who was thirty-five and experienced, and flight engineer Toolie Sims, whose mixed parentage showed in his features.

Because his mother was a negress, Toolie had had trouble finding a job which measured up to his talents. Galloway had hired him be-

she was she's unsafe to fly. Without a stabilizer boost she can't be handled normally."

"You got her in."

"On the trim tab, yes, but that's strictly emergency procedure." Stallings swung around. "Toolie, what are the chances of getting her fixed in the next twelve hours?"

"None," the flight engineer answered. "It'll take parts we haven't got; the closest are in Miami."

"I'm not going to ask you or anyone else to fly Connie the way she is," Galloway said sharply. "I'll do it myself. I'll need Toolie or somebody — I can't do it alone — but I can nurse her up the line and get her into Miami just the way you came in here tonight."

"You're on the wrong heading," Stallings let a thin stream of smoke escape his lips. "If anyone flies her up to Miami I will, but that's not the point. As her captain I'm officially declaring the aircraft unsafe to fly. Every manual there is says so and I've got my flight engineer, and co-pilot, to back me up."

"What do you expect me to do, leave her here?"

Stallings leaned forward. "Let me ask you first: Would you ever let her go out of here in the condition she's in if the hurricane weren't coming?"

"Of course not!"

"Right. Now, hurricane or no hurricane, Connie isn't fit to fly and you know it. So here's what we do. We secure her to the best of our ability and leave her here."

"No," Galloway said.

"No problem, I'll bring them in here and cover them securely." Toolie, who had had to face some human emotional problems in his lifetime, picked up the threads.

"I have it planned out. I'll tie her down, with the maximum protection possible, well away from the hangar. With the control locks on, well blocked, and all the tanks full she has a good chance to ride it out."

It was a lie and every man in the room knew it.

"Suppose," Galloway said carefully, "that Connie doesn't make it and the insurance company takes the attitude we had no right to leave her. It would break us."

Stallings shook his massive head. "I'm the aircraft commander, and unless fraud is suspected my word on the subject is final. There's no fraud and you know it. If she doesn't make it, then the settlement will get us a much better bird on today's market. That's what we buy insurance for, to protect us when we get into a bind like this."

Galloway got up. "I've got to think about it. Meanwhile, we've got a lot of work to do. Toolie will need help if he's going to put those engines

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in here. The way things are, I think we should get out by early morning. I want to take a look at Connie myself.

"By all means," Stallings agreed.

During the night, while they worked, the wind held. The breakers crashed against the artificial shoreline at the end of the runway with a steady interval.

Toolie removed the bulkhead door which concealed the hydraulic power boost for the stabiliser and found the leak even worse than he had expected. He reported that it could not be fixed without the proper parts; both Herb Stallings and Scotty, who also flew the Connie on occasion, verified his findings.

When the inspections had all been completed, Toolie fastened the bulkhead door back into place with neat care, aware as he did so that the chances were good that the big bird would never fly again. He took out the log and carefully entered the need for maintenance. He added the formal statement that the aircraft was unsafe to fly and signed it off with his name and title.

HE took the log book with him when he left the great silent aircraft, called Herb Stallings to one side, and showed him the entry. Without hesitation Stallings added his own signature. Toolie returned the log book to its proper place in the rack and then gave some thought to securing the plane against the hurricane winds which were due within a few hours' time. There was little he could do, but for Galloway's sake he wanted to make it good.

He ended by deciding to leave her where she was. She was on the opposite side of the terminal building from the hangar, which should protect her when the hangar went, regardless of the direction.

He filled the tanks full, adding ballast which would give her a slightly better chance. He checked that the parking brakes were set as firmly as possible. He pushed the wheel chocks tight against the tyres and kicked them firmly into position.

When he had finished his work he saw the first beginnings of daylight. He listened and heard the beat of the surf; it had quickened in the past two hours and the spray was flinging itself a few inches higher toward the sky.

Toward dawn Galloway went out to the four-engined bird, which didn't understand that it was being abandoned, and climbed on board. He sat for several minutes in the left-hand commander's seat and stared at the instrument panel. It was too much. He changed his mind and decided to fly her out. Control boost or not he would get her airborne and manoeuvre her into Miami.

He felt the movement of the airframe when Herb Stallings came on board and walked up the long empty aisle. The big pilot stopped when he reached the cockpit and leaned his huge hands on the back of the two pilot chairs.

"After she has been signed off as unairworthy, it's a violation to try to fly her," he said. "The red tag is on and for a good reason. Come." He took Bob Galloway by the hand as he might a small boy and turned him toward the exit.

They finished off a few final details. The DC-3 was ready to leave, heavy with her load and full fuel tanks. Scotty Zimmerman assumed

All characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

RESCUE MISSION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

the commander's seat since it was his bird; when Wilson tried to sit down opposite him he motioned the young co-pilot away.

"That's for Galloway," he stated. "Go get him."

Bob Galloway sat down on the right-hand seat and looked through the windshield at the long, graceful outline of the Connie. She could be replaced, but it wouldn't be Connie. Once more he made the decision to fly her out, and started to rise.

"Don't," Scotty said in one word, and reached up to energise number two. In a few seconds the engine barked into life and the veteran aircraft became a living thing.

Scotty lined up the runway after a careful visual check of the approach pattern just in case. "Yours," he said to Galloway.

Fighting the dryness in his mouth Bob Galloway let the fine old bird gather the modest speed she needed to become airborne. He saw the shape of the Connie out of the corner of his eye as he lifted from the ground; then it was past and gone.

"Gear up," he said. The DC-3 settled down to

In the rear seat was his co-pilot and observer, First Lieutenant Edmund Peter Chang, also in class B uniform, and also with wings which indicated that he was a rated pilot within the CAP requirements.

Lieutenant Chang, whose ancestors lay buried somewhere behind the thorny boundaries of Red China, had 271 hours. He, too, had paid for all of his instruction.

As they flew, the two men kept scanning the sea beneath them. Somewhere on the tossing water, there were four men who had been out there for three days in a tiny rubber life-raft. When the search-and-rescue requirement had come through, the Civil Air Patrol had responded. The L-6 with the built-in extra-range tanks had been the first to take off; by now it was probably the only one from its base still in the air.

It was still flying, and still headed south, because both Captain Sylvester, at thirty-one years of age, and Lieutenant Chang, at twenty-seven, wanted desperately to find the four imperilled men, or whatever number of them still survived, before the hurri-

"Land! I've got an island up ahead."

"How big?" Chang asked over the noise in the cabin.

For answer Sylvester turned the little plane so that his partner could see the landfall out of the side window. Chang looked, and returned to his chart.

There was no island within sight of where he calculated their position to be. But the island was there and no mistake.

When he found what it might be, there was a sudden tightening of his stomach muscles with the alarming discovery of how far they were off course.

He leaned forward and tried to make his voice loud and calm at the same time.

"Brace yourself. If that little island is what I think it is, then we've got a tail-wind quartering of almost sixty knots."

"Can we get back to base?"

Chang drew a deep breath. "With this wind, and our known position, it's close. If this wind gains any more, no chance."

Sylvester digested this grim truth. "What are the alternatives?" he shouted.

Chang had anticipated the question and was studying the chart again. "Best bet is to make for Tres Santos. It's the nearest airport and more

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD



a steady climb. Below her the whitecaps were thick and full, while far to the left the heavy cumulus could be seen fairly glowering on the horizon.

Fifteen hundred feet above the surface of the already rough water of the Caribbean, the turbulent air took liberties with the small light aircraft which was daring to challenge the elements when they were in a mood of mounting anger.

In the front seat of the two-place L-6, which bore the legend United States Air Force, was the pilot, Captain Richard L. Sylvester, of the Civil Air Patrol. Captain Sylvester wore the khaki summer class B uniform of the Air Force, complete with wings over his left breast pocket. In his personal log book Sylvester could show 610 flight hours, a respectable number doubly distinguished because almost all of them he had paid for out of his own pocket.

He had never been to any military flying school—he had learned the hard way by paying for every minute of instruction, on the ground or in the air, that he had ever had. He had made the most of it, and now, in the unfriendly air over the water which was showing its teeth below, he held the little plane on course well and corrected the many sudden thrusts of the unstable air with a sure and practised hand.

The captain's wings varied slightly in pattern from most of the others which the Air Force awards to qualified personnel. Over his right breast pocket he wore a bright red-white-and-blue patch. This identified him as a member of the Civil Air Patrol, allowed to serve his country without pay, but not to be confused with any of the regular wearers of the Air Force uniform.

cane took over with its reign of violence and sure death.

Dick Sylvester tried again to use the small panel radio; he turned it on and was rewarded in a few seconds with a crash of static which drowned out whatever else might have been on the frequency. More sophisticated equipment might have put him through, but the CAP could not afford it and the little aircraft could not have carried it along with the extra gas it needed to survive.

"What do you think, Ed?" he shouted back over the pounding of the engine.

Chang studied the folded chart on his lap once more, read the gas gauges, and consulted the computer which was his other navigational aid.

"We can spend another half hour on this heading if you want to."

Sylvester took his eyes off the instrument panel, such as it was, and scanned the water below for a moment. "Pretty strong wind building up."

"I know. Want to risk it?"

"How about you?"

"I'm for trying."

"OK, then." He resumed giving his full attention to piloting the plane and studying the endless, unrewarding water below.

A particularly savage gust, resentful of the decision, kicked the left wing high and almost flung the light plane on to its back. Sylvester swung the stick hard to the left and slightly forward to correct the nose-up attitude.

In the rear seat, Ed Chang focused all of his visual power on to the water below. He saw nothing but dirty blue-grey tossing waves and angry whitecaps.

Presently Sylvester turned his head and shouted back.

or less dead ahead. We can search on the way; enough gas to get there."

"What's it got, anything?" "Yes—fuel, maintenance, lights, five-thousand-foot paved runway."

"Hangar?" "Must have. Take us about an hour to get there."

By this time they had flown past the tiny island which had given them their position and could see nothing but open water ahead. Sylvester made his decision. "Give me a heading."

"One six niner."

"One six niner, wilco."

The craft lifted the right wing slightly, hit a bump, straightened out, and assumed its new course.

Chang was a good navigator within his resources. Fifty-six minutes after altering course Sylvester spotted the island of Tres Santos, and shortly thereafter the surface of the runway. He turned on the radio and prepared to call the tower.

"Frequency?" he shouted.

Chang supplied it. Sylvester tuned the set, picked up the mike and gave his call.

"Tres Santos, Tres Santos, this is CAP 667 in sight north of the field. Request landing instructions."

There was no answer. Sylvester guided the aircraft into the normal traffic pattern and repeated the call, again without result. He then tuned to the international distress frequency, and gave it one more try.

When he did not get an answer for the third time, he was careful to follow the book. "Tres Santos, this is CAP 667. I am declaring an emergency due to low fuel supply and am making an emergency landing your field. Turning base leg."

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Despite the heavy, buffeting winds he guided the small craft into an acceptable pattern after carefully checking visually for any other traffic and estimating the surface wind. Once pointed toward the runway he concentrated on his final approach. The runway was far longer than he would need, but the crosswind was making itself felt and at the little plane's slow rate of approach it was accentuated.

As he started to lower the tail the crosswind set up a drift angle he could not accept; he pushed the stick forward and went for a wheels-on landing instead.

When he bumped the tyres cleanly on to the concrete, he felt a great sense of relief surge through him to be back on the ground after the long and trying flight. Because the runway was reasonably wide he deliberately turned a few degrees to cut down the crosswind component. It was a good idea, but a savage gust caught the plane helplessly just below control speed.

SYLVESTER looked ahead quickly and saw hard scrub grass along the left side of the runway. That was all right; he could run off there with no danger. He kept the tail up in case of ditches, but found none—instead, directly before him he saw a small block of some sort on which was mounted a runway light. He had no choice but to straddle it.

He felt the sharp spat as the tip of the propeller hit it; then they were past, the tail settled down, and the light plane rolled to a stop.

Sylvester taxied directly up to the terminal, noting the big four-engine Super-Constellation which was on the ramp. He kept steadily on until he was right before the doorway and to some extent, at least, in the lee of the building.

He cut the engine, and let relative quiet settle around him.

"Wow," he gasped. He made no apology for running off the runway; Chang knew what had happened. In the time between the loss of flying speed and the moment when the tail is securely on the ground a plane of that type would be for a few seconds almost impossible to control under heavy crosswind conditions.

"We're here, if not with dignity," Chang said.

"Any landing you walk away from is a good landing. Let's tie Betsy down and check in."

Still from hours of confinement in a set, close position the two pilots climbed out and surveyed the situation. There seemed to be no-one on the ramp; the hangar doors were closed. There was no visible place where light planes were to be parked and no tie-down facilities could be seen.

"Tie her now to one of those posts in front of the terminal," the captain directed. "I'll go inside and

see if we can make it back; if not I'll find out where we should put her."

He walked briskly up to the door, still ashamed of the fact that he had messed up the landing because of the crosswind. If he got out of it at the price of a few cracks he was lucky — he might have to pay for a runway light globe.

The door to the terminal was locked. Sylvester walked carefully around the small building and tried the three other doors; none would admit him. In a way it was a relief because of the landing, in a way foreboding. He walked to the hangar and tried it. Locked. There was a small external tower and he could see from the ground there was no one in it. To be sure he walked over and tried the door; it, too, was locked. He went back to the plane.

"We're alone," he announced.

"We've got to close our flight plan," Chang reminded him. "If we don't they'll be out in force looking for us."

"Everything seems to be locked up. We may have to wait until the crew of that Connie gets here. It may be five minutes, but it could be two or three hours."

"Let's take another look," Chang suggested. With the tail of the plane securely tied to a concrete post they went together and explored every

FROM THE BIBLE

● *We always pray for you, ever since we heard about you. We ask God to fill you with the knowledge of His will, with all the wisdom and understanding that His Spirit gives.*

— Colossians 1; 9-10.

(Today's English Version)

door and window. Without exception they were locked.

Sylvester rubbed his head. "We can do one of two things: we can just sit it out and wait for the Connie crew, or we can bust a window and break in. I don't like to do that, but we are past our arrival time now and the flight plan is still open."

"Let's wait fifteen minutes," Chang suggested. "If the Connie crew isn't here by that time, or if no one shows up, then I vote we break in." He looked at his watch. "It's close to noon and they may go to lunch early here. That will give us ten minutes to get through to close our flight plan before they start emergency procedures."

"I saw a phone on the desk in there," the captain said. "All right, we'll wait fifteen minutes."

After nearly twenty anxious, impatient minutes, Chang picked up a good-sized stone. "I've decided where to do it," he announced. "The small window on the right side, the one higher up."

Sylvester nodded. I don't like to do it, but there'll be worse trouble if we don't report in."

Chang broke the window neatly with the rock, reached through to release the catch, and slid it open. He wiggled his thin form through the opening and a few moments later opened the front door from the inside.

"Welcome," he said.

Captain Sylvester lost no time heading for the office where he had noted the phone through the window. This time the door was not locked. He seated himself behind the desk and picked up the

instrument. Chang flopped himself on to the two-place chrome-and-plastic settee.

Sylvester listened and jiggled the button. Then he spun the dial to operator, listened, and waited. He tried it again, carefully, and then looked up.

"The line's dead," he said. Chang was silent. He could think of nothing suitable to say.

"There are several things we can do now," Sylvester said, after he had his thoughts in order. "We can wait a reasonable time for them to get the telephone line back in commission."

"I wouldn't bet on that. With this storm coming on, it could take two or three days."

"We could start down the road and see what we find."

"And miss the Connie crew," Chang added.

"Of course, you're right," Sylvester agreed. "Then let's see if we can find some gas, fill Betsy up, and fly back. We'll need close to forty gallons. If I leave twenty bucks on the desk with a note and my home address, that ought to take care of it, and the window. We can continue the search on the way."

"No good," Chang said. "I didn't want to tell you this right away, but when you hit that landing light you broke the prop tip. It's not serious, the engine's OK, but as it is Betsy can't fly."

"Under emergency conditions it might be all right," Chang shook his head. "The prop is out of balance; after half an hour she'd shake the crankshaft right out of the engine. You know that."

Dick Sylvester did know it, as he also knew that an emergency repair was out of the question.

"Then we wait for the Connie crew and that's all we can do."

Chang got up. "That's the way I see it. Considering the way the weather is worsening they can't be too much longer."

Sylvester sat silently a moment in thought. "Listen," he said finally, "we can't fly Betsy and the hangar is locked. Furthermore, what do you think are the chances of that hangar surviving a hurricane more or less head-on?"

Ed studied the structure through the window. "Not too good," he admitted.

"Now, when the Connie boys get here, they aren't going to wait around very long. If they are headed Stateside we might be able to get them to take us along. If not, then we're in trouble. But in any event there's Betsy. I think we ought to bring her in here."

The lieutenant let surprise show in his face. "How?"

"We can take the wings off and roll her in through the cargo room door. We'll probably have to pay storage charges, but we can't leave her out there. She wouldn't have a chance, no matter how we tie her down."

"To take the wings off we need tools. Any around here would be in the hangar and that's pretty well secured."

"I thought of that," the captain said. "But I know where the necessary tools are and it shouldn't be too difficult."

"Tell me," Chang said. "On the Connie, probably in the flight engineer's gear."

Chang hesitated. "You know," he confessed, "I don't mind breaking a window in an emergency situation we can prove, but it's another matter to go on board an airliner like that and start meddling with the gear. They could get mighty sore about that, and those guys are our best bet for getting out of here."

"Then I'll do it. If the crew comes while we're working, I'll apologise and explain

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

The garden in March

By ALLAN SEALE

● This is a between-seasons time, when gardeners are preparing for a spring display but are also encouraging flowers of summer to linger a little longer.

SOMETIMES it is hard to know whether to persevere: with annuals now passed their prime or to remove them to make room for newcomers.

Zinnias and asters which have flowered for some time are better removed; any further contribution they make won't be worth while. Lilliput and other small zinnias may continue to provide flowers for cutting, but often the appearance of the plant is spoilt by mildew. Spray with Bordeaux or complete fungicides to help control the disease.

Balsam, celosia and the tall African marigolds are also better removed when past their attractive stage. Small petite and other French marigolds will flower for at least another month in most districts.

Tired dwarf bedding begonias can be made attractive again by trimming off old flowers and seed heads, then feeding with complete liquid manure. The new crop of flowers will then last well into the cold weather.

Blue salvia is a perennial. Cut back when the plant begins to straggle, trim back old flower spikes to stimulate more bloom to accompany the chrysanthemums, then cut back more severely in winter.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3—page 96

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Chrysanthemums always need attention in March. Plants should be staked and tied, even though growth is compact and they look capable of supporting themselves.

Once the flower heads are wet, the extra weight bows the stems down and they don't easily straighten again.

Disbudding: Disbudding depends on the type of chrysanthemum, and your own preference. Most double and exhibition types are grown with one large bloom per spike, so in this case all but one bud should be removed in the early stages so that the surplus ones don't drain the resources of the plant.

The top chrysanthemum bud matures first, and the lower ones follow. Therefore, if you want all blooms to be out at the one time, remove all but the top bud, or all but the second bud for a later mass display. For continuity of flowering vary the ones left.

Some of the smaller types of chrysanthemum are preferred as a cluster of bloom to a stem. For this, remove only the top bud.

PESTS: Black aphid may infest chrysanthemums at this time of year, clustering along the stem just below the buds. Control with malathion, metasytox, or complete pest killers.

Damage to the lower foliage can be caused by a fungus disease — known as rust — or by minute eel worms too small to detect with the naked eye.

Rust usually starts as a brown blotching, and eel worms as blackening of angular sections of the foliage. Under wet conditions both these spread rapidly, and may destroy all the foliage. Combat rust with zineb, phaltan, or complete fungicide, and eel worm with metasytox.

GERANIUMS

There is no exact time to prune geraniums, as their behaviour varies, but leggy growths which have flowered should be shortened back to just above the third or fourth leaf from the base of the new growth.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3—page 97

Trim back red salvia to encourage another flush of bloom in warm districts. Frosts kill the plants in cold districts, and in temperate areas usually only a percentage will survive the winter. As new plants establish rapidly in spring, it is better to treat them as annuals.

Petunias are in a similar category to red salvia.

Phlox sometimes make a second flush of flower, but again, results cannot be guaranteed, and it would be better to plant new ones. In mild districts there is still time to plant phlox for a late autumn display.

Dahlias can be rejuvenated by cutting back old flowers and feeding with liquid manure, but they will deteriorate and produce open-centred flowers once autumn sets in.

BULBS

The main bulb planting season is approaching, but in most districts hyacinths and tulips give better results if planted a little later, when the soil is cooler. Growth will not progress in soil with a temperature above 60deg., so planted under these early, warm conditions the bulbs will flower later. Cool the soil by frequent surface watering.

November lilies should not be divided later than the end of this month. They start into growth much earlier than the majority of liliiums, which are normally lifted in winter. It is only necessary to divide lilies when growth is so congested that flower quality is suffering.

New growth already under way should be pinched back to encourage more compact form. Remove foliage showing rust, a yellow mottling above and brownish circles under the leaves, and spray the plants with phaltan or zineb.

Use healthy prunings from geraniums as cuttings to keep new stock coming along. Select sturdy tip-growth of 4 or 5in., cutting them cleanly with sharp knife or razorblade just below a leaf junction. Remove the lower leaf, and bed the cuttings firmly in a sandy soil mixture.

ROSES

Encourage roses to bloom well into May by cutting back old flower stems. Leave about three leaves at the base of the stem, making the cut about 2in. above the top one. Then scatter about 1 cup of rose food over the soil below the plant's outer foliage.

Feeding now will improve the later performance of camellias, azaleas and orchids, too. Specially formulated organic camellia and azalea foods are the best for the first two, and complete liquid manures also give good results.

It may be as well to avoid feeding early azaleas such as Albert Elizabeth and James Belton when flower buds are already formed, as feeding may induce new growth which will hide the flowers.

Orchids respond well to complete liquid manures or soluble orchid foods. Apply enough to wet roots and foliage thoroughly.

VEGETABLES

Except in warm, semi-tropical areas it is now too late to sow French beans successfully. Nor is there any point in starting broad beans yet, as they will mature the same time as sowings made in May; better to enjoy a crop of peas, satisfactory now in all but cold districts with early frosts.

Quick-maturing carrots such as Top-weight may be planted now, together with beetroot, turnips, lettuce, cabbages, and white onions. Storing onions such as Hunter River Brown and Brown Spanish are better if delayed until next month.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

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immediately. If we finish before they do, we can put the tools back where we found them and nobody will be hurt."

Sylvester walked outside facing the stiff wind and climbed up the long flight of steps to the rear cabin door. He seized the handle with both hands, rotated it, and felt the latches release. He slid the door aside and stepped on board.

The rows of seats in the rear cabin rebuked him silently for the intrusion. He walked up the aisle, with the feeling that he was entering the wrong church during services, and opened the door in the forward bulkhead. Ahead of him there yawned a long, functional cargo hold with a bare metal floor and lead markings painted on the sides. He had not realised how huge the Super-Connie was until he saw it now, an unwilling host to his presence.

HE steeled himself a little as he made his way through the freight section on up to the flight deck. He paused there and looked for a moment at the great complexity of instruments, levers, and controls. They were on all sides and overhead; every bit of space not needed for the windshield was crammed with gear. He remembered his errand and began to search for the tool kit; presently he found it against a bulkhead.

His luck held: there was no padlock fastening the lid shut as he had feared there might be. He raised the cover and there before him was a clean set of the most useful aircraft tools. He selected two sturdy screwdrivers, an assortment of wrenches, and two sizes of pliers. With his find he hurried back down the long length of the Constellation and out the door, which he carefully shut behind him.

Neither he nor Chang had ever taken the wings off an aircraft before, but it was not too difficult a job. Stripped of them, the plane looked strangely naked and rejected. They pulled her by the tail through the roll-up cargo door and into the sanctuary of the cargo room. As soon as they were finished Sylvester took the tools and, restraining the impulse to run, returned them to the kit from which they had been taken. When he had closed the aircraft's door behind him for the second time he felt a definite sense of relief.

Chang secured the cargo door to the terminal and asked, "Have you seen anything to eat around here?" Together they searched the modest premises, but there was not even a coffee maker.

It was now ten minutes after one, almost an hour and a half past the time when they should have reported themselves safe on the ground. Search procedures would now be under way, expensive procedures which would also involve some element of risk for those concerned.

"I'm going to take a look, just in case the crew is coming," Sylvester strode to the field door of the terminal, jerked it open, and felt his heart freeze.

A man was standing on the other side.

He was tall and broad, and looked even larger because of the oversize, ragged straw hat he wore. His heavy, sun-burned features branded him a Latin-American, the ragged shirt and catch-as-catch-can trousers put him unmistakably in the category of a manual laborer. He looked as though he could raise his hardened hands and break Sylvester in two with a single effort.

The captain's voice jammed in his throat; for the first time in his life he was completely and utterly frightened.

"Americano capitan," the man said in a raspy baritone,

RESCUE MISSION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

then he turned and walked away.

Sylvester partly recovered himself. "Ed!" he called urgently.

The man was already out of sight behind the hangar and Sylvester was not entirely sure that his senses had not played him a particularly violent trick. He told what had happened quickly to his co-pilot, who also wondered if Sylvester really had seen someone. But hallucinations do not ordinarily come in broad daylight, with the sun close to the zenith of the sky.

"Either you scared him worse than he scared you, or he'll be back," Chang said. "Maybe he had a little polite thievery in mind and you frightened him off."

By one-thirty there had been no sign of the Connie crew, no other aircraft had appeared near the field, and even the frightening intruder had not returned. "In a sense we're trapped," Sylvester said. "We can't go anywhere or we might miss the crew, we can't fly our own aircraft, we can't phone and, outside of my friend, no one knows we are here."

Chang walked over and looked out the window. "The mystery is about to be solved," he announced. "We have company on the way."

The company coming up the road consisted of the man whom Sylvester had seen followed by a shapeless woman in misfitting garments. Between them they were carrying something not clearly visible. In the heat and brightness of the near-noon-day they appeared more ragged than terrifying.

They came through the open door as a procession, the man in front, the woman behind, their burden in the middle. It was a crude litter, and on it there was a young adult male who tried to turn as he was set down in the middle of the floor. He, too, was clearly a Latin with about two days' accumulation of beard. "Allo," he said.

Chang dropped on to one knee beside him. "Speak English, fellow?" he asked.

"Si, Chinó," the man on the litter said. "Not too good, but some."

"What's the matter?"

"I got big pain in my insides. You understand Spanish?"

"No hablo español," Chang replied.

Sylvester, ignoring the older man and woman, was standing by, listening.

"I am Armando," the patient said. "I work this airport. Work for Senor Galloway."

"Do you know when the Connie crew is due here?" Sylvester asked.

The question was ignored. "Yesterday I get pain. It get bigger so I no come to work, understand?"

"Si," Chang answered.

"I think I know what I got, but can't say in English."

Sylvester took charge. "Let me try something," he said. Kneeling down he gently probed the abdomen of the man on the litter until he found the most sensitive spot. "I'd guess appendicitis," he said, "but I'm not a doctor. I think you should see one right away; a surgeon might be better. Those things can't wait too long."

"Si, I know. There is no doctor. One doctor, he go away."

"Ouch," Chang interjected. Sylvester looked up at the man and the woman, standing silently watching them.

He guessed correctly that the language barrier was between them, and that because of it they were letting the younger man do the necessary talking. "We are not doctors,"

Sylvester said slowly. "We are pilots. We landed here a couple of hours ago."

Armando clenched his teeth for a moment, then relaxed his jaw and spoke again. "I know," he said. "My father," he nodded toward the older man, "he see you."

"Listen, Armando," Sylvester said slowly, "our aircraft is broken; it cannot fly. Otherwise we would take you out of here to a doctor, do you understand?"

"I do," Armando said. Sylvester went on: "Our airplane is very small and very slow. It would be a very rough ride and you would be in great pain. Understand?"

"Si, yes."

"There is a Constellation here ready to go out, the big airliner. It can take you to a doctor much faster. I know they will take you. I promise you they will. Is that clear?"

Armando rolled his head from side to side.

"I know this Connie very well," he said. "It is Senor Galloway's. This morning he go away in the Connie. He not come back until after storm pass. You understand?"

"Yes, but then he will send a crew for the Constellation. He can't leave it here; the storm would break it. They will come soon; they must."

Again the young man rolled his head.

"He no send crew. Connie

"I'd like to hear it." "Do you remember the time, not so long ago, when the FAA deliberately crashed a DC-7 out in the desert to find out how it broke up?"

"I do. It near killed me at the time," Lieutenant Chang shook his head. "A big, beautiful DC-7, probably not five years old." He thought a moment. "You have the idea that the Connie was deliberately spotted out on the ramp, right in the path of the storm, for a test? Just to see how badly she'd get smashed up?"

"I can't come up with anything else," Sylvester said. "She can't be abandoned for the insurance, that's impossible. With the crew right here this morning the underwriters would never buy it."

"Agreed, I thought of that, too." "Then it narrows down to this: either Armando is all wrong and the crew is on its way in now, or else the Connie has been deliberately staked out for some kind of sadistic test."

"Or an engine is out, the gear won't come up, or something like that."

"It would have to be a terrific mechanical to abandon a fully equipped, four-engine Super Constellation without even shoving it into the hangar. Those things will fly under a lot of adverse conditions. If the tanks are full, that ought to give us the answer."

"Let's talk to Armando some more," Chang suggested. They went back to the three people who were

quickly. "How bad is that prop?" he asked. "Three inches broken from the end."

That settled that. "Please, we go," Armando pleaded. "You fly me Stateside now in Connie?"

Chang reached down and took the man's hand in his own. "You don't understand," he said, his voice a little thick. "We're not Connie pilots. We fly only little light airplanes, one engine. It takes months to learn to fly an airliner like the Connie. We don't know how."

With his other hand Armando reached up and touched the wings pinned to the slender lieutenant's chest. "United States Air Force," he said. "You fly anything?"

Chang looked up toward his partner. There was a fresh intensity in his narrow eyes. "Let's go outside and look at the bird," he said.

Together the captain and the lieutenant went out and looked at the huge Constellation which stood there silently, waiting.

"We can't do it, Ed," Sylvester said. "I know how much is at stake, but we can't stick our necks out that far, and risk all of the legal complications involved, just on Armando's say-so that no crew is coming. He wants a ride and he wants it badly—I think he'd say anything to get it."

Chang went to the passenger steps and released the lock. "Before I say anything, I want to find out for sure if she's gassed. That will answer a lot of questions."

He rolled the steps against the wing close to the fuselage, climbed up, and stepped carefully over on to the aluminum surface.

"She's full," he reported at the end of his investigations. "I'm satisfied now she's on the line ready to go. So, Armando or not, I'm waiting for the crew to come and get her."

Together they rolled the steps back to the loading door and carefully locked them into position.

"The wind is still rising," Sylvester said. "Did you take a look at that spray breaking against the rock over there?"

Chang listened to the sound and sweep of the wind. "It's getting too rough for Betsy," he answered. "I'm glad she's safe inside." He looked at the leaning palm trees by the terminal and shook his head. "They can't be much longer," he added. "Not even a Connie can take off in a gale."

Sylvester gripped his arm. "You're right! Look!"

A vehicle was coming down the road, making what speed it could over the far from perfect surface of the highway.

"And that's that," Chang said, relief choking his voice. "It had me going for a while."

The vehicle, ancient and of indefinite color, reached the entrance, turned in, and came directly out on to the ramp. It had barely stopped when the driver stepped out—a very tall elderly man who towered at least six feet four and who looked all the taller for the plain black clerical cassock which he wore from chin to ankle.

"I'm so glad I arrived before you departed," he said in careful, stilted English. "I am Father Ferrara."

Dick Sylvester hid his sharp disappointment and shook hands briefly. "I'm Captain Sylvester; this is Lieutenant Chang. We were on a search-and-rescue mission this morning and had to land here."

"I know of your landing," the priest said. "I saw you come in."

"It may be a good thing you are here, Father," Ed

To page 62

It was on her hairdresser's advice she first used . . .

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crew was here. Senor Stallings, I know him. They go out with Senor Galloway in the Goonie. They not come back now."

"That's impossible," Ed Chang said.

Sylvester got to his feet. Come over here a minute, Ed."

They walked to the other end of the terminal waiting area out of earshot.

"Can you buy that?" the captain asked.

"Possibly, it depends."

"On what?"

"Well, for one thing, suppose the Connie has a mechanical. Something so bad that she can't be flown."

Sylvester shook his head. "In that case they would have put her in the hangar to give her some protection at least. Not out on the line where she is now."

"There's one way we can tell; we can check the tanks. If she's down for maintenance, they wouldn't have topped her off. If she's full, then that's not the answer."

"I think she's full. She's pretty well down on the shock struts and the cargo hold is empty."

"Assuming she's full, what other explanation is there?"

Sylvester walked up and down a few paces and looked out the window. "I've got one idea," he said finally.

patiently waiting for their return. Sylvester knelt down beside the litter. "Armando, how do you feel?" he asked.

"Not so good," the young man confessed. "I need doctor."

"We know that," Sylvester said. "The first plane that comes in we'll ask to help you, no matter who's flying it."

Again Armando rolled his head in the hopeless manner he had used before. "Nobody come," he insisted. "Everybody go Miami. Just light this morning they go. Senor Galloway, Senor Stallings, black man. Everybody they go. My father he coming to airport when he see them go. Why they no take Connie I not know."

"Do you know any of the Connie crews?" Chang asked.

"Si, I know them all. I work here. I put in gas. I do many things. I know them all. They all go away."

The patient fought against his pain and the mounting attempt to make himself believed. "I know you not doctor. But you United States Air Force captain and lieutenant. I know. My father, my mother bring me here. You save my life. You fly me Stateside to doctor."

Sylvester looked up

Chang interjected. "There is a man inside who is seriously ill and may need your help. Can you get him a doctor?"

"I am afraid you must do that; we have no doctor here. But that is not all." The tall priest motioned toward the ancient car. "I have a little girl of eight years here; she is burned. It happened only a little while ago. The high wind blew fire and it caught her clothing."

"Oh, no!" Chang said. "A few months ago a Navy doctor gave me a first-aid kit," the priest went on. "In it I found a tube with a morphine needle. I have given it to her and she sleeps. But it will not be too long and she must see a doctor."

"Father, have you a telephone, a radio, anything to send for one?" Sylvester asked. Hope and anxiety mixed in his voice.

RESCUE MISSION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

"Our phones are not working. There is one here, but I am sure you cannot use it. I know you would fly Armando to the States in the big airplane. I ask now for the sake of mercy you take this little girl, too. That is why I came so fast, to reach you before you departed."

Chang asked urgently: "Father, do you know anything about the crew of this airplane? Where are they? When will they return?"

"They have gone, very early this morning in one of the smaller planes. Right after my prayers I was coming to ask them to take care of my people before the storm, but they left suddenly just after

daylight. I know most of them, and one, Senor Wilson, comes to my church when he is here on Sunday. All are gone."

"But they must be coming back!"

The priest spread his hands. "Is it logical they would leave here, then? When I saw them arrive, only last night."

Sylvester looked again toward the shoreline and the foaming surf which thundered relentlessly against the retaining rocks. "Father, you said you saw this plane come in last night. Did you mean that literally? You actually saw it with your own eyes?"

"Yes, of course. I was visiting

the little community here — there is one for the people who work here at the airport and their families. It is not far away. I myself saw the plane come in. It is so beautiful in the air — the most beautiful of airplanes when it flies."

"Now please think carefully, Father. Were all four engines running, can you be sure of that? Did it sound any different than it usually does? Was anything at all different about it?"

The priest shook his head. "A little lower perhaps because of the wind, but all engines were running. I am sure of that." He stretched himself to his full height and towered over his two interrogators.

"Much time which God will not return to our hands is being lost," he said, a firmness in his voice. Armando cannot wait, the mor-

phine will not last forever. When Armando was so sick last night I was called. We prayed that we should receive help. We were heard, as we are always heard, and we were answered. You came, two pilots in your small airplane."

At that moment Dick Sylvester would have sold his soul to have gone to a flying school where he would have been taught instruments, multi-engine flying, where he would have been prepared to assume command of a Super-Constellation in flight.

"To be the answer to someone's prayer would be the greatest thing in my life, Father." He spoke quietly, bitterly ashamed of his own inadequacy.

"We have never flown a Constellation," Ed Chang said, very simply.

The priest was unshaken. "God will guide you. I will bless you and your mission."

"We have no authority to take this plane. We could go to prison."

"Never." The priest once more drew himself erect. "If you are ever accused I myself will come and tell them what you did for us in answer to our need. They will believe me. They will respect my word."

SYLVESTER pressed his lips together without speaking. He walked away from the two of them, to be alone. He walked under the wing of the great aircraft and looked up at the powerful engines. He felt the tons upon tons of its bulk pressing down above him and saw the vast reach of its wings.

"God, help me to do it," he said silently, then walked back to the others.

He did not have to speak; Chang already knew.

"You go on board and start familiarising yourself with the cockpit," Chang said quietly. "I'll take charge of loading the patients."

The decision made, Sylvester climbed the steps rapidly to the door, opened it with assurance, and started down the aisle to the cockpit. When he reached it he sat down in the left-hand commander's seat and adjusted the belt. Then he experimented with the levers underneath the chair until he found how they operated.

He moved forward and up until he felt that the position was comfortable for him. He took hold of the wheel and put his feet on the rudder pedals. That helped him a little—for all of its size the Connie was still an airplane and he knew that once it was airborne he could at least keep her straight and level.

He began to read the signs which some inspired genius of an engineer had placed next to most of the controls.

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OUR TRANSFER



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INGREDIENTS:

1 tablespoon cornflour
1½ cups water
2 oz. butter
1 medium onion, chopped
1 cup sliced celery

METHOD: Blend the cornflour with a little of the water. Melt butter in a frying pan and fry onion until tender. Add celery, French beans, salt and remaining water. Bring to the boil, cover and simmer for 5 minutes. Add the cornflour, sugar and soya sauce and cook, stirring constantly for 3 minutes. Add GREENSEAS Tuna undrained and reheat. Serve with hot cooked rice. 4 servings. All spoon and cup measures are level. An 8 fluid oz. measuring cup is used.

1 cup sliced French beans

½ teaspoon salt

1 teaspoon sugar

1 teaspoon soya sauce, or more to taste

15 oz. can GREENSEAS chunk style Tuna

3 cups cooked rice



for good food and good food ideas

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Handknits to relax in

• Getting ready for winter? Here are two new sweaters to knit. Both have pattern stitch contrast on front panels — one a variation of cable twist, the other has a light, lacy look.

SWEATER WITH CABLE TWIST

Materials: 25 (26, 28, 29) balls Woolworths St. Mark Nylo Flash; 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 5 needles; 1 cable needle.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust; length from shoulder 22½ (23, 23½, 24) in.; length of sleeve 17 (17½, 17½) in.

Tension: 9 sts. to 2in. over st-st.

BACK

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 80 (86, 90, 96) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1½in. Change to No. 5 needles.

Right side facing, k 1 row, p 1 row. Cont. in st-st. until work measures 14½in. or length required to underarm.

To Shape Raglan: Right side facing, cast off 3 (4, 4, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., 1 to last 3 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1.

Next Row: Purl. Rep. last 2 rows until 28 (28, 30, 30) sts. rem. Cast off.

FRONT

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 80 (86, 90, 96) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1½in. Change to No. 5 needles.

Next Row: Right side facing, k 27 (30, 32, 35), p 2, k 1, * k into front and p into back of next st., p 1, k 1, rep. from * until 26

(29, 31, 34) sts. rem., k to end. 88 (94, 98, 104) sts.

Next Row: P 27 (30, 32, 35) * k 2, p 2, rep. from * to last 29 (32, 34, 37) sts., k 2, p to end.

Work 12 patt. rows as follows:

1st Row: K 27 (30, 32, 35) * p 2, k 2, rep. from * to last 29 (32, 34, 37) sts., k 2, p to end.

2nd Row: P 27 (30, 32, 35) * k 2, p 2, rep. from * to last 29 (32, 34, 37) sts., k 2, p to end.

3rd Row: K 27 (30, 32, 35), p 2 * sl. 2 to cable needle and place at front, k 2, p 2, then k 2 from cable needle, p 2 *, rep. from * to * three times, k 27 (30, 32, 35).

4th Row: As 2nd row. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.

9th Row: K 25 (28, 30, 33) * slip 4 to cable needle and place at back, k 2, then from cable needle work (p 2, k 2), p 2 *, rep. from * to * until 31 (34, 36, 39) sts. rem., sl. 4 to cable needle and place at back, k 2, then from cable needle work (p 2, k 2), k 25 (28, 30, 33).

10th Row: As 2nd row.

11th Row: As 1st row.

12th Row: As 2nd row.

Rep. last 12 rows until work measures 14½in., or

length required, to underarm.

To Shape Raglan: Right side facing, keeping patt., cast off 3 (4, 4, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., work to last 3 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1.

Next Row: P 2, work to last 2 sts., p 2.

Rep. last 2 rows, keeping centre panel correct until 44 (44, 46, 46) sts. rem., ending on right-side row.

Next Row: P 5 (5, 6, 6), k 2, p 2 * k 2 tog., p 2, rep. from * 5 times, k 2, p 2, k 2, p 5 (5, 6, 6) sts. 38 (38, 40, 40) sts.

Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., work patt. until 8 sts. on right-hand needle, turn. Work on this side only, leaving rem. sts. on holder.

Next Row: P 2 tog., work to end of row.

Cont. to dec. at raglan every alt. row as before, at the same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until 4 sts. rem. Dec. 1 st. at raglan every alt. row until 2 sts. rem., p 2 tog. and finish off.

Return to sts. on holder, leave first 20 (20, 22, 22) sts. on holder for neckband and work on rem. 9 sts., working this side to correspond with first side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 40 (42, 46, 48) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1½in.

Change to No. 5 needles and cont. in st-st. for 6 rows. Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of next row and every 6th foll. row to 60 (66, 68, 74) sts. Cont. in st-st. until sleeve measures 17 (17½, 17½) in.

To Shape Raglan: Right side facing, cast off 3 (4, 4, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k to last 3 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1.

Next Row: Purl. Rep. last 2 rows until 8 sts. rem. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join 3 raglan seams, leaving left back seam open. Using No. 8 needles, k up 8 sts. on top of left sleeve, 36 (36, 38, 38) round front of neck, including sts. on holder, 8 on top of right sleeve, and 28 (28, 30, 30) sts. from back of neck. 80 (80, 84, 84) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 6 rows and cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press on wrong side with warm iron over damp cloth. Join 4th raglan and neckband. Seam sides and sleeves. Press all seams.



SWEATER WITH CABLE TWIST. Directions for 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust measurements are at left.

THE LIGHT, LACY LOOK. Directions for 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust sizes are below left.

THE LIGHT, LACY LOOK

Materials: 11 (12, 13, 14) balls Woolworths St. Mark 4-ply Supercrimp Bri Nylon; 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 11 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust; length from shoulder, 22 (22½, 22½, 23) in.; length of sleeve seam, 17 (17½, 17½) in.

Tension: 7 sts. to 1in.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 120 (126, 134, 140) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1½in. Change to No. 9 needles and cont. in st-st. until work measures 14½in.

To Shape Armholes: With right side facing, cast off 4 (4, 5, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 6 rows and next 4 alt. rows. 92 (98, 104, 110) sts. Cont. in st-st. until armhole measures 7½ (8, 8, 8½) in.

To Shape Shoulders: With right side facing, cast off 7 (8, 9, 10) sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off rem. 50 sts.

FRONT

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 120 (126, 134, 140) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 for

1½in., inc. 1 st. in last st. of last row. Change to No. 9 needles.

1st Row: K 28 (31, 35, 38), p 2, (w.o.n., k 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 1, w.r.n., p 2) 9 times, k 28 (31, 35, 38).

2nd Row: P 28 (31, 35, 38), k 2, (p 5, k 2) 9 times, p 28 (31, 35, 38).

3rd Row: K 28 (31, 35, 38), p 2, (k 1, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 1, p 2) 9 times, k 28 (31, 35, 38) sts.

4th Row: As 2nd row. Rep. last 4 rows until work measures 14½in.

To Shape Armholes: With right side facing, keeping patt. correct, cast off 4 (4, 5, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 6 rows and next 4 alt. rows. 93 (99, 105, 111) sts. Cont. in patt. until armhole measures 5½ (6, 6, 6½) in. on straight.

To Shape Neck: With right side facing, patt. 34 (37, 40, 43) sts., cast off 25 sts., work to end of row.

Next Row: Work 32 (35, 38, 41) sts., p 2 tog., turn.

Cont. on this side only leaving rem. sts. on holder.

Keeping patt. correct, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 7 rows and next 5 alt. rows. Cont. until armhole measures 7½ (8, 8, 8½) in. on straight.

To Shape Shoulder: With wrong side facing, cast off 7 (8, 9, 10) sts. at beg. of next row and next 2 alt. rows. Return to sts. on holder and work this side to correspond with first side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 54 (56, 58, 60) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1½in.

Change to No. 9 needles and cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of 1st row and every 6th foll. row to 94 (100, 100, 106) sts. Cont. in st-st. until sleeve measures 17 (17½, 17½) in.

To Shape Top: With right side facing, cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 6 alt. rows then every row until 26 (28, 28, 26) sts. rem. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 9 needles, cast

on 140 sts. **1st Row:** (K 1, p 1) to end.

2nd Row: (P 1, k 1) to end.

3rd Row: P 1, * w.o.n., k 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 1, w.r.n., p 2, rep. from * to last 6 sts., w.o.n., k 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 1, w.r.n., p 1.

4th Row: K 1, * p 5, k 2, rep. from * to last 6 sts., p 5, k 1.

5th Row: P 1, * k 1, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 1, p 2, rep. from * to last 6 sts., k 1, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 1, p 1.

6th Row: As 4th row. Rep. rows 3 to 6 inclusive twice. Change to No. 11 needles and rep. rows 3 to 6 once. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2 rows. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press on wrong side with cool iron over damp cloth. Seam shoulders and sides. Seam sleeves and set into armholes. Seam ends of collar and stitch collar to neck edge with seam at left shoulder seam. Press all seams lightly.



***** AS I READ ***** THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting March 8

- ARIES**
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, green, brown.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
- TAURUS**
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, orange, rose.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, green, navy.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
- CANCER**
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, black, green.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.
- LEO**
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, orange, tan.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
- VIRGO**
AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, blue, gold.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 23-OCT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, green, red.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Monday.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 23-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, black, green.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 22-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, rose, gold.
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, red, black.
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.
- PISCES**
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, blue, white.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a source of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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tion. No C.O.D.
orders.



He located the nosewheel steering at his left knee and fitted his hand experimentally over the small wheel at the top of the shaft. There would be a power boost on that — if he knew how to turn it on. Perhaps it was automatic. He fitted his right hand across the span of the four throttles in the centre pedestal and looked out the windshield.

You started all four engines and released the brakes. There was no doubt of that. Then you let her gain speed until you could feel her grip the air. Then you lifted off the nosewheel a little way and let her come off on her own. That would be it. After that she was an L-6 with four engines and so what? At least he would play it that way — it was the only way he knew.

MEANWHILE, in a professional manner as he could muster Chang returned to the terminal and informed Armando, and through him his anxious parents, that the plane was about to leave. He did not waste time pointing out the grave uncertainties of the trip; it could do no good and much harm.

With Father Ferrara to help him he took the front of the litter, carried the stricken man out to the aircraft, and up into the cabin.

It was the first time Chang had been on board and he looked quickly around. "Let's take him up forward," he said. "There may be a lounge or something in the first-class section."

They crossed into the cargo hold and were disillusioned. Chang re-evaluated the situation and then directed that the litter be placed across the foremost row of seats in the rear cabin.

While he secured the litter with straps he found in the cargo hold, the priest disappeared to return with a sleeping child, wrapped in a blanket, in his arms. Chang quickly pulled out the dividers in a bank of three seats so that she would have an impromptu bed. Then he fastened her as gently as possible in position with two of the seat belts.

When he had finished, he went forward and reported. "The passengers are secured. The Father is still on board—he can look after them while we figure out how to get this bird started."

Sylvester nodded. "Fine. I think you will have to man the flight engineer's station for the take-off; from the look of things the engines are started from over there. After we get going, then you better come up here and help me fly."

"Right, Captain."

"Ed," Sylvester said seriously, "let's face the facts. I give you a fifty percent chance, or perhaps a little better than that, to get out of this alive and in one piece. We're going to need all the brains, luck, and knowledge that we both have combined to have any chance at all. Understand?"

Chang nodded. "I know that, Dick."

Sylvester turned back and once more surveyed the maze of instruments, warning lights, radio controls, switches, and all of the other intricate complexities which made up the cockpit of the great airliner.

He read the barometric pressure. It was 28.84; the hurricane was closer than he had thought, and for a moment he felt a touch of panic. He fought it down and forced himself to finger each of the controls so that at least the feel would be familiar.

While he was doing this, Ed Chang sat at the flight engineer's station looking up at the hopeless complexity of

RESCUE MISSION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

the master control panel. In a few minutes he would have to operate it; the thought came to him that probably they wouldn't even be able to start the engines. Now they had gone this far, he did not want to fail for that absurd reason. He didn't want to see a man die, and a child suffer in agony, because he didn't know how to start a piston engine. If they got one going, then the other three should be easier.

"You know what, Ed," Sylvester said. "There's one thing I'd certainly like to do."

"What's that?"

"Read the directions."

Something snapped into place in Chang's brain. "Maybe you can," he almost shouted. "I just remembered! All these big birds carry operational manuals with them. Let me look."

In a moment he found them, a sizeable row of black-bound volumes leaning

"Completely," Sylvester continued to study the complicated panel, placing the position of every instrument he could recognise.

Chang climbed out of his chair, walked through the crew compartment, and opened the door to the cargo hold.

Twelve men were sitting on the floor with their backs to the sides of the fuselage. They had no seat belts and were lined up like tenpins.

"What's this?" Chang demanded.

Two of the men shook their heads to indicate they did not understand the language and pointed behind them. In mounting anxiety Chang opened the door to the passenger compartment.

Most of the seats were already filled: by women holding things on their laps, by children with their seat belts carefully fastened, by a few men who sat with what were

get off to lose their lives in the great storm which is now already beginning to be felt. There is no one else to come and save us; no other flying company stops here. Now we must together trust in God. The plane can carry us easily; otherwise there would not be the seats. And there is no cargo."

Chang tried once more. "The responsibility..."

The priest cut him off sharply with a gesture. "It is not in your hands, or mine. It rests with a higher Power. Accept it as it is. I will care for the people back here; be not afraid. All that you and Captain Sylvester have to do now is to fly the plane."

Ed recognised in the tall priest an almost immovable obstacle. He felt that it would be a futile waste of time and words to try to explain to him once more that two reasonably well-qualified light-plane pilots could be and were hopelessly out of their depth in attempting to fly a Constellation. The priest was asking Divine aid and was sure that it would resolve the problem.

Chang had to accept this with as much calmness as he could muster. There were some immediate steps to be taken and he got on with the job. He gave orders calmly with as much assurance in his manner as though he were, in fact, a fully qualified first officer of a modern multi-engine airliner.

"Father, I need two men to help me. You said these people work here at the airport. Get me a couple who know what they are doing."

Two men arose from their seats close to the rear without being summoned. "What is it you want, Lieutenant?" one of them asked in good English.

"Go inside the terminal," Chang instructed. "In the cargo room there is a small aircraft. On the rear seat you will find a computer, and underneath it a chart of the Caribbean. I want them both. Also this rolling stairway is a valuable piece of equipment. Put it on its side if you can and secure it firmly to the concrete posts in front of the building. After you do that, use the emergency ladder to return to the aircraft."

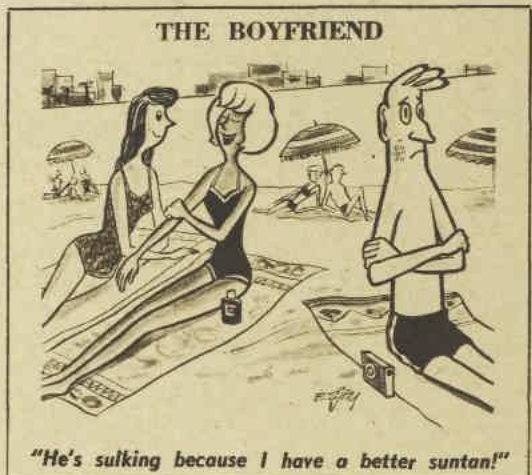
"I will also pull out the landing-gear pins after the engines are started," the man added. "I do this many times."

That gave Ed a bad start. He knew, but he had forgotten, that the landing gears on airliners had locking pins inserted on the ground to prevent a possible accidental folding and consequent serious damage to the airframe and propellers. If the pins were not pulled, then the gear could not be retracted in flight, which would be almost as bad.

What else, he wondered, would they overlook, or fail to do because of lack of knowledge? His new-found confidence was suddenly shaken.

It helped a little when the two men hurried to do his bidding. They trusted him, at any rate, and his authority was unquestioned. He returned to the cockpit, fighting with the problem of informing Dick Sylvester about the unexpected passenger load. Dick had all on his mind that he could be expected to handle; his nerve might snap under the pressure of the responsibility and the inevitable knowledge of his own inadequacy for the job he was about to attempt.

"When in doubt," Chang said to himself, "shut up." It was a rule which had served him well in the past. He decided not to mention the passengers until the time seemed right to do so. He opened the door to the crew



together. It was like the California gold discovery; suddenly there was a way out, something to tell them, step by step, what to do and how it could be done. He leafed through them quickly, looking for engine start. Sylvester interrupted him.

"Look at the co-pilot's seat — the checklist! It's on rollers in that little box there. We can go down the checklist and be sure that everything is right; we don't have to guess at anything."

Chang looked up. "That's great. Listen — with these manuals, with the checklist, I think we can do it. I mean, I feel a lot better about it, a lot more confident — how about you?"

"Right. Suppose you find the engine-starting procedure. When you've got it, come up here, take the co-pilot's position, and we'll do the whole checklist. It'll take some time, but it's the only thing that makes any sense. There'll also be a pre-taxi list, a run-up check, and a pre-flight list. If we do them all, we ought to be in pretty good shape."

Chang's hands were trembling. "Let's get at the checklist. I'll bring the manual with me. We'll learn something from that; if we get through it all right, then we can fire up."

Sylvester nodded his approval. Chang took the co-pilot's position, and adjusted the chair to his satisfaction.

"Number one item, before you even start reading, is to get the cabin door properly closed and the steps rolled away. Ask the Father to do that, will you? It will be a polite way of getting him off the aircraft."

"I'll get him off," Chang assured. "Four of us on board is enough necks to risk with what we are going to try to do. Agreed?"

obviously their families. At the rear door tall Father Ferrara was directing a woman with a baby in her arms to a vacant seat halfway up the aisle.

There were close to seventy people already on the airplane and more were waiting on the outside steps to come in.

Chang forced his way down the aisle, past the closely packed-in passengers, all of whom looked up at him when he went by, and a few of whom smiled. When he reached the doorway a sense of panic was tearing at his chest.

"Father, what have you done!" he demanded.

The priest looked down on him, a pillar of innocence with a sense of authority.

"It is all right," he assured with unblinking calm. "These people are the workers at the airport and their families. They know that the hurricane is a mighty one and that it is coming straight to us. They knew that the big plane was about to leave and they came to be saved, also. In their small houses they could not survive the hurricane. There is no other place to go and there will be no food for the babies and the children. I have advised them it is best to come and they are now all here."

"Did you count them?" Chang asked in a hollow voice.

The priest smiled. "There are seventy-eight. As soon as we are all seated, we shall pray for the success of this trip. Have no fear; God will guide you, we shall all bless you, and you will take us to safety."

"Father, we can't..."

The priest raised his hand. "I know what you are about to say. I cannot ask them to

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 Home is the sugar, fine as silk
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 Page 65

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THE MAGAZINE OF BRIGHTER READING

15c

Everybody's

compartment and closed it carefully behind him.

Dick Sylvester still sat with his eyes on the panel before him. "Let's do the checklist," he said in a curiously flat voice. Chang caught his mood and responded to it at once.

He reached up and turned the little roller box until the heading that he wanted showed. "Before-starting-engines checklist," he announced. "First item is ignition; it should be off."

Sylvester looked over his head and touched the four switches with his left hand. "Good," he answered. "No problem there. I spotted them; they're just like Betsy's."

"Seat belts and no smoking signs. They're to be on."

"We can skip that, I think. By the way, did you get Father Ferrara off all right?"

Chang carefully steadied himself and made his voice casual. "No, he insisted on looking after the passengers. He knows the risk, but I couldn't throw him off bodily. I decided we had enough to worry about."

"Strange he would leave his flock at a time like this, but that's his problem. What's the next item?"

Chang allowed himself to breathe again. "Auxiliary boost, to be checked and off."

"What auxiliary boost?" Sylvester asked.

"I don't know."

"Well, since it's supposed to be off, it can't be something we've got to have."

CHANG read off, one by one, the fourteen remaining items. Nine of them they succeeded in verifying.

Sylvester spoke carefully. "Every item we could find was in the proper position. I'm going to assume that the rest are, too. If you don't agree with this, then we'll take the manual, dig out the information, and verify every one."

"I'll buy it as is. That wind is definitely gaining and before we get going time may be critical."

"All right, then let's see if we can start the engines. I can't find any starters here, so they must be at the flight engineer's station."

Chang sat down before the maze of instruments and controls. He opened the manual and turned the pages for instructions. When he found them, he kept his voice as flat as Sylvester's had been.

"I have a long checklist, thirty items. This is going to take me a while. However, I've got a picture of all the panels with everything marked, so it won't be too bad. I'll let you know if I miss anything or can't find it."

"Can I help?" Sylvester asked.

"Better not," Chang advised. "I've got to learn where things are and this is a good way to do it. Incidentally, I've found the engine starter controls, so that should be easy."

Sylvester allowed himself to relax for a moment and look out the window. Then he tensed in his seat. "Hey, there are two fellows out there trying down the cabin steps. Did you know about that?"

"Yes," Chang answered. "Two of the airport workers showed up. I sent them for my chart and computer, and told them to secure the steps. Also one of them is going to pull the landing-gear pins after the engines are started."

Sylvester paled. "I never thought of that."

"Don't worry, it's on the checklist and we would have been sure to catch it," Chang kept on with his work, reaching up from time to time to check that a lever or switch

was positioned as required. "All done," he announced at length. "As far as I'm concerned, we're ready to start engines."

Chang's assurance gave a lift to Sylvester's sagging morale. He said, "I've got the ignition switches, but you said you have the starters."

"That's right. The manual says that each engine must turn six blades before the ignition is turned on. The firing order is three, four, two, and one, the starting order, I mean. So when I call for it, give me ignition on number three engine. Got it?"

"I have," Sylvester answered.

"Stand by," Chang said. He reached over and turned on the master battery switch. There was a reaction from the panel before him, and on the one which faced the pilots' seats. Small lights came on and the aircraft seemed to come alive. Chang set the engine starting selector to 3, and pressed the starting button. Then he turned his head quickly and looked out the small window in the crew door.

"Turning!" he announced triumphantly. "One, two, three, four, five, six..."

Sylvester flipped the ignition switch.

"Eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve..." A bark from the engine cut him off. A dense cloud of smoke surrounded the nacelle and then blew away. Out the window Chang could see the silver arc of the propeller as it cut a disc pattern through the air.

Chang held up four fingers and Sylvester nodded. The lieutenant turned the selector to 4, hit the starter button, and counted aloud. At six Sylvester turned on the ignition; at sixteen, after a heart-stopping few seconds, number four caught and settled down to a smooth idle.

In front of Chang, on the panel, gauges came to life and showed that numbers three and four were in operation. With soaring confidence Chang held up three fingers and repeated the successful process. When three engines were running he eased back on the throttles on his console to an indicated 1000 rpm. Then, as though he had been doing it all of his life, he started number four.

Presently a man stepped in front of the nose of the aircraft and held up three locking pins, with small red flags attached, for Sylvester to see. That done, he pulled the chocks and displayed them also. In a way it, too, was reassuring; the departure was taking place in a normal and professional manner.

In a few seconds a red light on the panel which indicated Door Open went out. Sylvester did not see it; he was occupied fitting a headset and setting the microphone adjustment to put the instrument next to his lips. He tried the pushbutton and it worked. Chang, seeing him, picked one of three available sets, tried it on, and found that the intercom was indeed working.

"Before-taxi checklist," he announced.

Checking some points with Sylvester, he reviewed the few items on his list, then reported, "Flight engineer, ready to taxi."

Sylvester pressed his feet forward on the rudder pedals and released the parking brake. At once the great, long silver bird began to inch forward; he stopped it with a slight pressure on the upper part of the pedals.

His spirits lifted once more. The Connie worked exactly as Betsy did — push together to release, toes down for

braking action. Cautiously he turned the nosewheel steering and released the brake pressure. Obviously the 116 feet plus of the fuselage, the 123 feet of the wide wingspan, and the four mighty turbo-compound, eighteen-cylinder engines responded to his command.

The huge airliner began to turn with infinite grace toward the taxiway and the south end of the runway. Pulling his own throttle controls full back to keep his speed on the ground to a cautious minimum, Captain Sylvester for the first time in his life began to taxi a multi-engine aircraft.

A voice sounded in his ears. "Shall I stay here or come up for the take-off?"

"Stay there for runup and the checklist, then come up." He knew it was a sound decision. He could taxi without help and much of the runup would have to be the flight engineer's responsibility.

He surprised himself at how easily he taxied the aircraft, immense in comparison to anything he had ever flown. It rolled easily down the taxiway, responded quickly to the nosewheel steering and was

"I have the passengers all tied down," he reported. "The door is tight shut and locked; one of the men checked it. Everyone is happy and praying for your success. God bless you."

He returned to the cabin and closed the door behind him.

"What did he say? About men?" Sylvester asked, confused.

"The man who pulled the pins checked the door. He works here. He knows how."

Sylvester was still confused but did not press it. Instead he fed the throttle forward on number one engine with great caution and listened for an answering roar of power. When it came he checked the right and left magnetos and then eased the power back. Number two he treated in the same way, but it seemed to cough slightly when it was asked for power.

With increased confidence he ran up numbers three and four with successful results: all eight magnetos appeared satisfactory.

"Take two and three again," Chang advised. "You only had them up to sixteen hundred and number two sounded a little rough to me." He kept the anxiety out of his voice, but the mystery of the ready airliner left on the ramp was back once more re-

pilot's station. He set the chair into position and looked out down the runway.

"Let's get out of here, before anything else happens," he said.

Sylvester was still badly shaken.

"We probably skidded on an oil patch," Chang added. He knew it was untrue, but it might get by.

Perhaps it did. With a major effort Sylvester forced himself to settle down and to try the controls experimentally once more.

"We've got to get that little girl to a doctor," he heard Chang say, "before the morphine wears off."

Silently Sylvester nodded. "Do you want to make the take-off?" he asked. "I just bungled something awfully."

"You're on the left-hand side, and you've got more than twice the experience, Captain Sylvester." Chang put an acid bite into his words. "Now live up to that uniform you're wearing and those wings on your chest. What do you think the United States Air Force is, a bunch of sissies?"

Sylvester turned the nosewheel sharply to the left and released the brakes. Obviously the massive aircraft turned slowly toward the runway and began to move out on to the strip. Sylvester swung the steering wheel hard right and the Constellation pivoted until it was facing down the runway toward the water at the far end. A mile of smooth concrete stretched its invitation to the pilots and to their waiting aircraft.

Dick Sylvester had sat like this many times, never so far off the ground, and on every previous occasion he had felt a secret thrill that he was going to fly.

The familiar emotion returned now. "Let's go," he said.

"Let's go," Chang repeated.

Sylvester held the brakes hard while he pushed the throttles all the way forward. The heavy engines responded with a Niagara of sound and suppressed power; the air screamed under the agony of the racing propellers.

"Here goes," Sylvester said, and released the brakes.

The Constellation surged forward, pressing the pilots back into their seats. With one hand on the control yoke and the other on the nosewheel steering Dick Sylvester did his best to keep the accelerating tons of weight on a straight heading down the rapidly shortening runway. The speed mounted, and the aircraft began to swing to the side.

As he would have in a light plane, Sylvester pushed the opposite rudder and the huge plane responded. He felt it begin to grip the air as he held the ailerons hard into the crosswind. He felt the beginning of a rise in the landing gear; the weight was coming on to the wings.

Ahead the runway was disappearing fast as the water rushed nearer; he could see the breakers now and their anger as they flung their spray higher, much higher than before, against the rocks. They waited with cold hatred for the rushing aircraft, ready to swallow it whole and to smash it on the heavy rocks.

Dick Sylvester was rolling faster than he ever had before and the opposite end of the runway was rushing to meet him. He seized the wheel and pulled back to lift the nose into the sky.

The plane did not respond. In desperation, and sudden, uncontrolled panic, he pulled like a madman, but the Super-Constellation continued its roaring plunge down the runway. Five hundred feet of pavement remained, then the water.

To be continued

RESCUE MISSION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64



apparently indifferent to the decided crosswind.

He had some unexpected trouble turning it on the run-up cement, but at last he managed after very nearly running the main landing gear off on to the soil.

He reflected grimly that he could not back up; next time he would do it better. He pushed forward with his toes and set the parking brake.

"Runup," he announced. "I've got six pages of checklist," Ed answered. "I'll be a while. The engines have to warm, anyway. I'll tell you right now that without this manual we'd have been dead." He went to work with no further comment.

While he was waiting Dick Sylvester began to flex the controls, testing them for freedom of movement as he always did in any aircraft he was about to fly.

He experienced now a considerable calmness, a quiet confidence that he was not, after all, in over his head. He thought that perhaps Father Ferrara's blessing was indeed being felt.

"Checklist completed," Chang reported. "Everything seems to be fine. All set for runup."

Sylvester checked the parking brake once more. "I'll run up from here," he advised. "I don't have too much room and I want to be able to chop power fast if she starts to walk away with me. So hang on."

The cargo cabin door opened and Father Ferrara appeared. Sylvester pulled one of the earphones out of the way to listen.

volving inside his mind. If anything was wrong, now was the time to find it out.

"I'll take them together," Sylvester said. "I've noticed they usually do it that way. If there is any difference, it should show up." Carefully he pushed the two inner throttles forward.

The engines roared into power. As the propellers bit into the air the whole airframe shook for an instant and then in what seemed a mighty spring it lurched forward and up—and froze there as though it were hanging on the brink of eternity.

Sylvester went white and jammed his feet against the brakes. Chang grabbed the edges of the desk before him and his mouth opened — he held back the impulse to scream because he did not dare to do so. The engines continued to slash the air; the plane remained motionless.

"What happened?" Chang asked when he could find and control his voice.

Sylvester had not yet recovered himself. Carefully he pulled the throttles back; when they had come halfway the whole great airliner appeared to jump backward three or four feet.

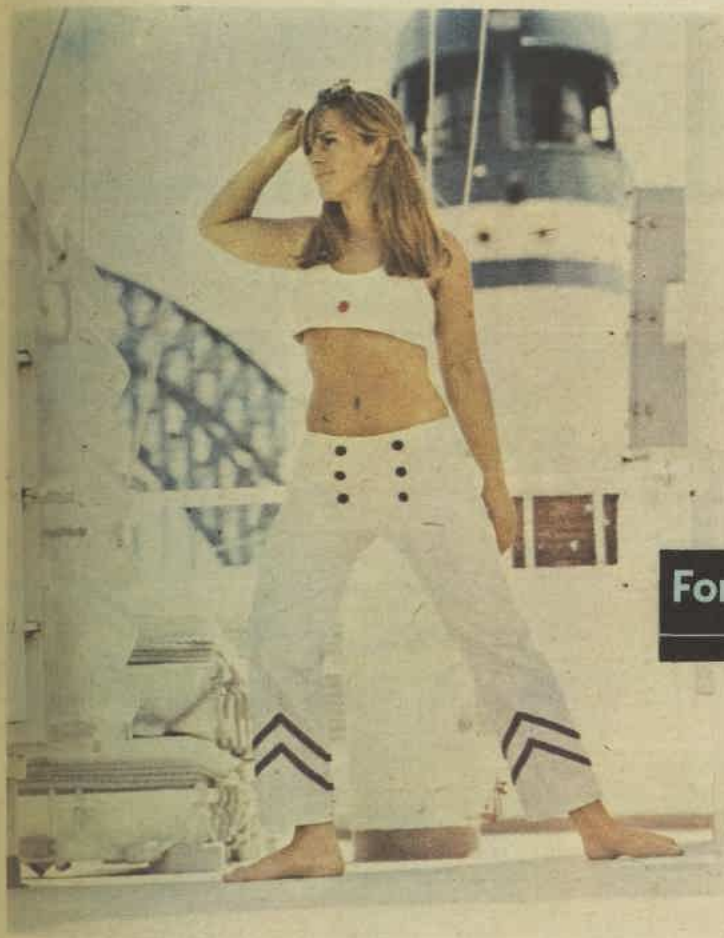
"I don't know," he admitted finally. "I thought the gear had collapsed or the brakes failed, but she seems OK now."

"How do you feel?" Chang asked. He himself had had the scare of his life.

"I'm frightened." Chang released his seat belt and climbed up into the co-

OFF TO SEA —IN CALICO

by Kerry Yates



● Searching for an inexpensive holiday wardrobe? Calico is a bright idea. And it's different, too. The material for these four outfits cost a mere \$1.50.

● Brass buttons give a nautical flavor to this calico mini-coat (above), while braid adds a dash of color. It can be worn over bell-bottom slacks.

For teenagers



● Bell-bottoms are a must for any sailor girl! These team up with a tiny top to show a suntan to perfection and, in calico, are light and so easy to wear.

MY problem wasn't unique. I was in the "same boat" as thousands of other working girls who go overseas. I was determined not to slice into my precious spending money, but just HAD to have a new wardrobe for the ship!

The answer? Calico.

At 30c a yard (calico's 60in. wide) it took a little less than five yards to make my four new outfits. This meant that \$1.50 bought enough material for a double-breasted mini-coat, a bare-look slacks set, and a mini-shift which has a special zip-on hempiece to make a formal dress.

You can make the clothes yourself, or if you can't sew (like me!) perhaps your girlfriends could help you as a "bon voyage" present with a difference.

I was really spoilt.

The idea of a calico wardrobe came to me when I was having lunch with an old schoolfriend recently. Jo Koch, 21, is a bright young fashion designer, and naturally we talked clothes.

He thought calico sounded crazy — which means "great" to Jo — and casually sketched some designs on a table napkin.

A few months before, he had been to London and Paris and was still impressed with the popular Nautical Look — which, of course, was just perfect for a "tourist" like me!

Sounds so casual, doesn't it? But that was the beginning of my calico collection.

A few weeks later, Vera Winter, 19, and Vali Audet, 18, two young design students I know, helped me to make the outfits.

I must add that braids, buttons (imitation brass ones), and a tiny red anchor cost me another \$1.50 — but there was no need for any linings or stiffenings.

Everyone warns me that the clothes will fall to pieces after a few washes, but I don't agree. Calico is one material that should "wash like a rag!"

Pictures: Don Cameron



● Anyone for shuffle board? You'll need something cool and casual like this mini-shift. It took less than a yard of calico — so the material cost under 30c.

● Calico goes formal when a zip-on hempiece is added to the mini-shift. A clever idea in any material, you sew one side of a long zip fastening under the shift hemline, and can change the length for a different look.

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Attractive cloth is available ready to sew and embroider on green, blue, grey, or beige cesarine. Price is \$1.45 plus 10 cents postage and dispatch.



No. 546.—BABY'S NIGHTGOWN

Pretty nightgown is available cut out to make in white plisse. Price is \$1.35 plus 10 cents postage and dispatch.



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ROUND ROBIN Adair



HOW NOW, BROWN OWL?

• I see that an English girls' youth organisation has adopted mini-skirted uniforms.

And now some Girl Guide leaders there want their senior lasses to be in fashion, too.

Follow suit, perhaps I should say.

It would be interesting to see senior Guides glamorised. Not that the girls at present aren't admirable creatures.

I take my hat off to their never-say-die attitude.

But I can't say the same for their uniform designer's one of never-say-Dior.

While raised hemlines would raise some eyebrows, they could help Guides win as much recognition as Boy Scouts.

For all Guides' good intentions, they seem to have been rather obscured in the public eye by Scouts.

The boys, for instance, seem to have had a monopoly on helping people across busy streets.

I'm sure mini-skirted Guides could increase the demand for the helping-across-streets business — and get a very fair share.

While infirm people appreciate being told when it is safe to "go," many younger men would appreciate a "go-go" aid.

Of course, a more glamorous uniform could help a Guide who was interested in swopping her tent for a rose-covered cottage.

She might find that a mini-skirt could interest a guy in learning a long-lasting hitch.

If the mini rule applied to Cub-mistresses, too, things could change.

Quite a pack of old wolves might try to become Wolf Cubs.

However, both Guides and Cub-mistresses are sensible girls, well equipped to handle males who become nuisances.

After all, it's hard to carry a torch for a girl who insists you light it by rubbing two bits of wood together!

BEAUTY IN BRIEF:

Music while you work, at slimming

• Hips need to be slim because the whole effect of short-short skirts demands it.

SIT on the floor, legs outstretched before you. Turn on to the side of hip and lift top leg up and down slowly. Then turn over and repeat with the other leg.

If you believe that exercises are a bore, think again! Do them to music.

Here's a simple and comparatively silent exercise which you can do before your bath, and which is excellent for reducing hips and buttocks.

Standing in the nude, lean slightly forward and, clenching the hands first so as to turn each into a small vacuum, swing the arms with a relaxed, rhythmic, flail-like action so that the spots to be reduced are hit.

Fifty "vacuum" slaps like this each day will soon make an appreciable difference to hips and tail.

—Carolyn Earle

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 15, 1967



Life is so much more exciting when you are **SLIM!**

And now it is so much easier to become slim—and to stay slim.

No need for hard-to-keep, complicated diets; no need for sickly food substitutes; no boring exercises. You eat normal food... and simply take three A.S.T. tablets each day. They reduce your appetite for fattening foods, and also assist your digestive processes to prevent food turning to fat. Nothing could be simpler—or safer.

A.S.T. tablets cost \$1.25 for 14 days supply—control your weight for 9 cents a day! From Chemists only!

A.S.T. AMERICAN SLIMMING TABLETS

(Advertisement)



End Wrinkle Dryness

To cherish your skin and complexion during the harsh summer weather, your first thoughts should be to a nourishing night-time massage with a rich vitalising cream. Smooth on a film of the vitalising Ulan night cream using a gentle upward and outward movement to feed nourishing elements to the skin cells and to prevent wrinkle dryness. As you sleep, the rich cream will carry on the task of beautifying the complexion and bring a youthful softness to the skin.

Superfluous Hair Killed Quickly
by "EXHAIR" Perfectly harmless. Guaranteed. Send stamped, addressed envelope for particulars. Confidential.
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ECZEMA ITCH
To clear your skin soft and smooth—free from pimples, itching, eczema, red blotches, blemishes and lines, use NIKODERM. Get NIKODERM from your chemist. Clears skin while you sleep.

FRECKLES
can be faded quickly, easily with treatment Mergon—a new medicated cream. Enjoy a clear radiant skin. Write now, enclosing 50c or 10c stamp, for full information. Dr. W. H. Research Laboratories Pty. Ltd., One, 392A, Bay 7, George St., North P.O., Sydney.

Land for all seasons



LETTERS

● Wouldn't it be lovely to spend a year in Finland! Called "the land of the thousand lakes," it is very difficult to decide which season is the loveliest, according to travel brochures. Spring is noted for wildflowers, fresh green grass, beautiful birch trees, and birdsong. Summer means holidays, when many Finns visit Lapland. There is swimming, water-skiing, and sandy beaches. The sun hardly sets on midsummer night. Autumn is the time for ripe apples and berries, rain, and walks in the woods. Also pancakes and delicious homemade jam. Winter brings snow to ski on and ice to skate on, with a steaming sauna bath at the end of the day. It also brings a traditional white Christmas.

—RITA HAGGLUND, Mt. Isa, Qld.

Human bondage

AREN'T human beings the most conforming creatures in the world! I, for one, am a good example of this. I find myself wearing fashions I don't even like, or think ugly, just to be "with it." Why do I do such an irrational thing? It's quite simple. I haven't got the initiative or courage to exercise my free will and wear what I like. I think 98 per cent of society is the same. So much for the so-called free world in which we live. Public opinion, it seems, is the "dictator of the present day." —"Irrational," Coraki, N.S.W.

GO TO TOWN

■ Don't let the dull life in some country town get you down! My sister and I decided to liven things up by putting on a dance for the teenagers of Morven. This didn't take much organising or money. We made three posters to put in shop windows, and told everyone to bring a plate of eats. Dad gave us \$2 to pay for the use of the Town Hall and Mum acted as MC. Also, we borrowed a record-player and some records. This went off so well that we decided to have another hop — and then another. At the second and third dances we asked everyone to pay 20c admission to raise the money for the hall and decorations. —Kath Read, Morven, Qld.

Between the lines

IF you want something interesting to do, walk into any library, pick up any non-fiction book, and read it. This will lead to ideas for a new hobby and increased knowledge of at least one subject. In fact, a chance discovery made this way may lead to a lifetime interest. —"Reader," Caulfield, Vic.

Fighting mad

AT present both Australian police and politicians are concerned by the increasing number of brawls and organised fighting groups. Why not send these youths, who are so willing to fight

here, over to Vietnam? A fine or short imprisonment does nothing to relieve frustrations and pent-up energy—which these youths so obviously possess. But the prospect of real fighting may act as a deterrent. If not, then at least we have extra manpower, which can be used to release those who have done their share. —Rita Adamsons, Sebastopol, Vic.

On the fringe

NEXT time you want to cut your fringe, get a length of sticky tape and place it where you want your fringe to end. Then, with a pair of scissors, cut in a straight line along the top of the tape. This will fall off with the cut hair. —C. Brady, Rockhampton, Qld.

Parents, beware!

AS a teenager I would like to issue a warning about the future generation of teenagers—those "little darlings" who have not yet reached the age of 13. In an overwhelming number of cases these children are shockingly spoilt by overindulgent parents. They become more and more demanding, until the parents find they have lost control. These children appreciate nothing, and are ignorant of the simple gifts of the world. Before criticising today's teenagers, all parents should ask themselves, "Am I contributing to the ruin of the next teenage generation?" —R.T., Tamworth, N.S.W.

THERE are two easy rules which I have proved actually improve your personality. The first one is always to smile and never frown. A smile shows that you are happy inside, and people are naturally attracted to a happy person. When passing an acquaintance, don't look away but meet his eyes with a smile, and you're bound to receive one in return. The second rule is always to be truthful and sincere. It is funny, but when you do this you have no problem about how to behave with others. If you are truthful, the inner tension—or "ice"—which is said to be there at a first meeting is lifted. —Annmarie Chandler, Edwardstown, S.A.

Camaraderie

I DISAGREE with people who describe teenage sects as havens for the less intelligent. Youngsters who enjoy surfing or flashy motor-bikes, or go for long hair and mod clothes, know that they will not always enjoy these things. But while they do so, why not share good times with people who have similar tastes? Surely, that's half the fun! As for intelligence, I know many in these sects who, while they cannot achieve pass grades in simple English, respond to friendship with intelligence. Please try to take a reasonable view of human nature's natural gregariousness. —"Southern Suburbs," Botany, N.S.W.

Teen applause

I AM 15 and like modern music and the latest fashions, but I do not complain because my parents aren't "with it." They aren't supposed to be. Their job as parents is to correct their children when they are wrong, and to guide them toward being valuable Australian citizens, even if this means that at times teenagers will resent them. —Pauline Allen, Ulverstone, Tas.



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Louise
HERE'S YOUR



Hunter's
ANSWER

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Time remembered

"I HAVE a strange problem, which I cannot overcome. I used to live in W.A., where I had a boyfriend whom I loved very much. When I moved to the country he asked me to write—which I did—but he never replied. I went back a few times to see him, but I found out that he was dating other girls. I can't blame him for that, but the least he could do is write. He always asks about me when I'm not there, but when I see him and he is with another girl he doesn't even speak to me, and tries to stand far from the girl so that I would think he is by himself. My problem is that,

although I am not hurt and don't love him as much as I did before, I keep on thinking about him and still have hopes. I go out with other boys, but I always pretend that I am with him. I am 19 and he is 20."

"Dream Girl," Vic.

● Many girls cling to the memory of yesterday's romance. Judging by his behaviour when you see him with another girl, he remembers, too, but it is clear that he is no longer seriously interested. Your admission that you "don't love him as much as before" shows you are further along the road to recovery than you may think.

Love in the shadows

"I HAVE been going out with a boy for about nine months. About four months ago my mother broke us up. I was terribly upset, and when I started to get very sick I was allowed to see him. This carried on for about two months, and then she broke us up again. I just don't know what to do. Now I am sneaking off to meet him. Dad knows about us and doesn't mind, but I feel terrible about it. Please don't tell me to give my boyfriend up, as I am very much in love with him and we were going to get married."

M.S., Qld.

● Ask your father to talk to your mother about it. If that fails, or if he refuses, talk to her yourself. Discuss her objections, quietly and calmly. If you make a scene, she might find a way to end the romance altogether.



Who's the lady fair who's always there!... always active, always assured, always calm, cool and collected?



it could be you!

THE LAST LAUGH

"I AM a 15-year-old girl who is overweight and has a spotty skin. I am deeply in love with my boyfriend and I think the feeling is mutual. But whenever we are seen together his friends make fun of me. I am dreadfully embarrassed. Do you think I should drop him for my own sake and his?"

"Embarrassed," S.A.

● Of course you shouldn't drop your boyfriend. Instead, make an effort to remove the causes of your embarrassment. Consult a doctor about your skin — I'm sure he will prescribe something to clear it — and start counting calories. (The wrong foods may also be causing your spots.) As for his friends — next time they make fun of you laugh WITH them. When you do they will soon change their tune — probably to one of admiration.

Oh, dull life!

"I AM nearly 14 and up till now I thought I was having a pretty good life. But I realise that all I do is mainly eat and sleep and go to school. Just think, I haven't done anything worth mentioning in my whole life! I do a lot of oil painting and write some poetry, but I'm not very talented at these things. There must be something worthwhile I can do, so that when 1968 comes I can look back on 1967 and say, 'I had a full year.'"

"Discontented," Qld.

● Cheer up! Don't you realise that the dull, everyday routine of eating, sleeping, and going to school is the spadework which paves the way to a full life when you are older? Even so, you are luckier than many girls of your age, because obviously you are creative. Concentrate on scoring high marks at school. Surely a glowing end-of-term report is "something worthwhile"?

RIVETS



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BUTTERICK PATTERNS

3645.—Semi-fitted A-line dress with short sleeves, contrast binding, and extended bow. Sleeveless version and bracelet-length sleeves also in pattern. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.



3645

3850.—Lovely Tullo ensemble. Coat is slightly A-line with contrast lining, collar, and detachable cuffs, dress is sleeveless and slim with self-tie belt. Pattern also has long-sleeved blouse and separate skirt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 70 cents includes postage.



3850

3979

3979.—Easy beach dress or cover-up. Yoke front, with or without long sleeves, in ankle-, street-, or above-the-knee-length versions. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.



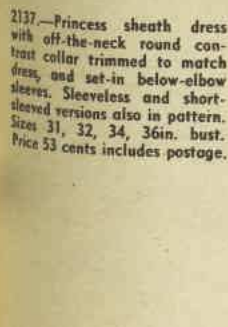
4147

4147.—The "Poor Boy" sweater look. Useful skirts and blouses for 7s to 14s. Straight dress with turtle-neck collar also in pattern. Sizes 25, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest. Price 50 cents includes postage.



3739.—Easy to make dolman-sleeved, slim dress belted at waistline to give blouson bodice effect. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.

2137.—Princess sheath dress with off-the-neck round contrast collar trimmed to match dress, and set-in below-elbow sleeves. Sleeveless and short-sleeved versions also in pattern. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 53 cents includes postage.



MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

AS MANDRAKE has planned, the plane is attacked by the astro-pirates after the gold. Mandrake hypnotises one of them and plans to follow the other. READ ON:



NEXT WEEK: LAIR OF THE ASTRO-PIRATES

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. This description could fit Dutchman Vincent van Gogh (5, 6).
8. I rent to bury (5).
9. He must be a jumping captain (7).
11. You do it with 3 down (4).
12. Ten rites (anagr., 8)
14. A not-standing easy shot (6).
15. Division of a house reached by one flight of stairs (6).
18. Tax or a deceiver (8).
20. Unoccupied (4).
22. Lofty creatures (4, 3).
23. English philosopher, statesman, and writer often on the breakfast table (5).
24. King Lear calls it a marble-hearted fiend (11).

BENEFIT CAGES
E O T O A R U
AS R I G H T A S R A I N
N M H A E M
E A N T L A R I A T S
E N S E N U
A S S O R T E D T O U R
T I C K E T E D E L L I P
A L L I T S I
N O G R E A T S H A K E S
O V O O I E
L I T T L E R E S E N T S

Solution of last week's crossword.

2. Entice (7).
3. Organs contained in blue arsenic (4).
4. Express agreement as dispatched (6).
5. Neptune's spears (8).
6. Sleeping apparel for males (5-6).
7. One coin, which may be worth a great deal (6, 5).

DOWN

10. Blackbirds were baked in it (3).
13. Mess turned and covered with beer pertaining to certain steel-making process (8).
16. Brought down (7).
17. Head covering on a motor-car (6).
19. Chum in an impalement (3).
21. Incite by encouragement in a wager (4).

Solution will be published next week.

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